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SHAKESPEARE REPRINTS

KING LEAR

1

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SHAKESPEARE REPRINTS.

I.

KING LEAR

PARALLEL TEXTS

OF THE FIRST QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO

EDITED FOR THE USE OF UNIVERSITY CLASSES, &c. BY

WILHELM VIETOR, PH. D.

Professor in the University of Marburg.

REVISED EDITION.

MARBURG

N. G. ELWERT'SCHE VERLAGSBUCHHANDLUNG

1892.

H. W. L. Dana - Göttingen 1907



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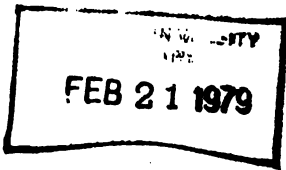
MARBURG

N. G. ELWERT'SCHE VERLAGSBUCHHANDLUNG

1892.

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PREFACE.

THE present parallel text edition of *King Lear* is based on the so-called Pide Bull quarto (1608), which bears the following title:—

M. William Shakspere: | HIS | True Chronicle Hiftorie of the life and | death of King LEAR and his three | Daughters. | *With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne* | and heire to the Earle of Glofter, and his | fullen and affumed humor of | TOM of Bedlam: | *As it was played before the Kings Maiestie at Whitehall vpon* | S. Stephans night in *Christmas Hollidayes.* | By his Maiesties seruants playing vfuallly at the Gloabe | on the Bancke-side. [Printer's (?) device.] LONDON, | Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*, and are to be fold at his shop in *Pauls* | Church-yard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere | *St. Auftins Gate.* 1608

and on the first folio (1623), edited by J. Heminge and H. Condell.

The Pide Bull quarto is noted as Q₂ in the Cambridge edition (vol. viii), but has been shown, by Mr. W. G. Clark and Mr. W. A. Wright, in their preface, p. xv, to be the first quarto edition of our play, and has accordingly been marked Q₁ by Mr. H. H. Furness in his *Variorum* edition, and by the editors of the Shakspeare Quarto Facsimiles (Nos. 83 and 34), Mr. C. Praetorius and Mr. P. A. Daniel.

Six copies of this first quarto are known. In all of them the play commences on sheet B. (pp. 3–10), the title being on a separate leaf, but they differ in having 1, 2, 3, or 4 uncorrected sheets. In the present edition the six copies are marked as in the Cambridge edition:—

1. 'Cap.' — The copy in Capell's collection. Three uncorrected sheets: D. (pp. 19–26), H. (pp. 51–58), and K. (pp. 67–74).
2. 'Dev.' — The Duke of Devonshire's copy. Four uncorrected sheets: D. (pp. 19–26), F. (pp. 35–42), H. (pp. 51–58), and K. (pp. 67–74).
3. 'Mus. per.' — A perfect copy in the British Museum (C. 34, k. 18). One uncorrected sheet: K. (pp. 64–74). Reproduced in Shakspeare Quarto Facsimiles, No. 33.

4. 'Mus. imp.' — An imperfect copy (wanting title) in the British Museum (C. 34, k. 17). Two uncorrected sheets: G. (pp. 43—50), and H. (pp. 51—58). Sheet K. reproduced in Shakspeare Quarto Facsimiles, No. 34 (appendix).
5. 'Bodl. 1.' — A copy in the Bodleian (Malone 35), wanting last leaf. Four uncorrected sheets: E. (pp. 27—34), G. (pp. 43—50), H. (pp. 51—58), and K. (pp. 67—74).
6. 'Bodl. 2.' — A copy in the Bodleian (Malone 37), wanting title. One uncorrected sheet: K. (pp. 67—74).

The title of the second quarto (Q₂) is almost identical with that of the first, but it bears a different device, and no reference is made to the place of residence of the publisher, the last three lines of the title of Q₁ being replaced by:— Printed for Nathaniel Butter. | 1608.

Q₂ was printed from a copy of Q₁ having the uncorrected sheets D. (pp. 19—26), G. (pp. 43—50), and H. (pp. 51—58). The whole work, including the title, begins with signature A. Besides, Q₂ differs from Q₁ in pagination, and is frequently independent in spelling, punctuation, &c.

Q₂ is a reprint of Q₁, with many additional errors, issued by Jane Bell in 1655.

In our present revised edition the Q₁ text has been printed from the Facsimile by Mr. Charles Praetorius, the F₁ text from Mr. J. O. Halliwell's Reduced Facsimile edition of the first folio (London, 1876), also the reprint of 1864 (London: Lionel Booth) being constantly referred to. In addition to the pagination of the texts reprinted, acts, scenes, and lines have been marked as in the Globe edition.

In compiling the various readings essential for the critical reconstruction of the text, &c. (pp. 172—177), Mr. P. A. Daniel's Introduction to Mr. Praetorius's Facsimile of Q₁, the Facsimile of Q₂ by the same editor, and the well-known editions by Messrs. Clark and Wright and Mr. Furness have been used. In all doubtful cases, reference has been made to the originals of the four folios in the British Museum. As will be seen from the notes, the readings *foole*, III. iv. 82, *him*, III. vii. 2, taken from Halliwell, and the comma after *scalding*, IV. vi. 131, supplied from Booth, are not borne out by the British Museum copy (C. 39, i. 12) of F₁.

*

The Shakespeare Reprints, other numbers of which will soon follow, are in the first place intended for the use of University classes, but it is hoped they will also prove acceptable to other readers of Shakespeare.

KING LEAR.

M. William Shak-speare

HIS

Hiftorie, of King Lear (Q₁).

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Bastard.

Globe
I. i.



Kent.

Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany* then *Cornwell*.

Gloft. It did allwaies seeme so to vs, but now in the diuision of the kingdomes, it appears not which of the Dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed, that curiofitie in neither, can make choise of eithers moytie.

Kent. Is not this your sonne my Lord?

10 *Gloft.* His breeding fir hath bene at my charge, I haue so often blufht to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to it.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Gloft. Sir, this young fellowes mother Could, wherupon shee grew round wombed, and had indeed Sir a sonne for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed, doe you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot with the fault vndone, the issue of it being so proper.

20 *Gloft.* But I haue fir a sonne by order of Law, some yeare elder then this, who yet is no deerer in my account, though this knaue came something sawcely into the world before hee was sent for, yet was his mother faire, there was good sport at his makeing & the whoreson must be acknowledged, do you know this noble gentleman *Edmund*?

Bast. No my Lord.

Gloft. My Lord of Kent, remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

Bast. My seruices to your Lordship.

30 *Kent.* I must loue you, and sue to know you better.

Bast. Sir I shall study deseruing.

Gloft. Hee hath bene out nine yeares, and away hee shall againe, the King is comming.

[4

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR (F₁).

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.

10be
l. i.



Kent. Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany*, then *Cornwall*.

Glou. It did alwayes seeme so to vs: But now in the diuision of the Kingdome, it appears not which of the Dukes hee valewes most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither, can make choise of eithers moity.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

10 *Glou.* His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue fo often blufh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too't.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; wherevpon she grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wifh the fault vndone, the iffue of it, being so proper.

20 *Glou.* But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeere elder then this; who, yet is no deerer in my account, though this Knaue came somthing sawcily to the world before he was sent for: yet was his Mother fayre, there was good sport at his making, and the horfon must be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman, *Edmond*?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent:

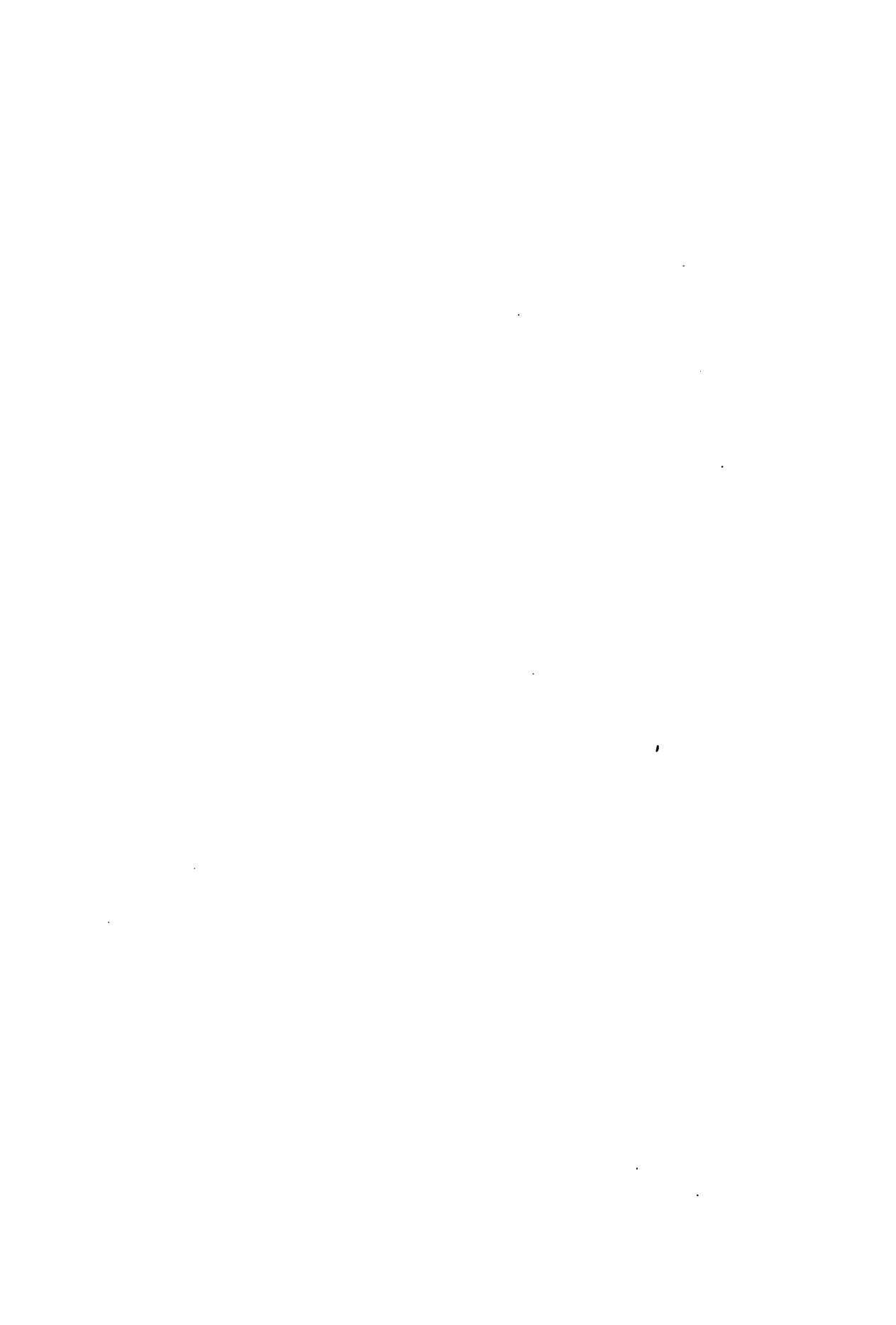
Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My seruices to your Lordship.

30 *Kent.* I must loue you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deseruing.

Glou. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall againe. The King is comming.



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1892.

I. i.

And as a franger to my heart and me
 Should thee from this for euer, the barbarous *Scythian*,
 Or he that makes his generation

120 Messes to gorge his appetite
 Shall bee as well neighbour'd, pittied and relieued
 As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege. (his wrath,

Lear. Peace *Kent*, come not between the Dragon &

I lou'd her moft, and thought to fet my rest
 On her kind nurcery, hence and auoide my fight?
 So be my graue my peace as here I giue,
 Her fathers heart from her, call *France*, who stirres?
 Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwell*, and *Albany*,

130 With my two daughters dower digest this third,
 Let pride, which she calls plainnes, marrie her:
 I doe inueft you iointly in my powre,
 Preheminence, and all the large effects
 That troope with Maieftie, our selfe by monthly course
 With referuation of an hundred knights,
 By you to be sustayn'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turnes, onely we still retaine
 The name and all the additions to a King,
 The fway, reuenue, execution of the rest,
 140 Beloued sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
 This Coronet part betwixt you.

Kent. Royall *Lear*,

Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
 Loued as my Father, as my maister followed,
 As my great patron thought on in my prayers.

Lear. The bow is bēt & drawen make from the shaft,

Kent. Let it fall rather,

Though the forke inuade the region of my heart,
 Be *Kent* vnmanly when *Lear* is man,
 What wilt thou doe ould man, think'ft thou that dutie

150 Shall haue dread to speake, when power to flatterie bowes,
 To plainnes honours bound when Maiefty ftroops to folly,
 Reuerfe thy doome, and in thy best confideration
 Checke this hideous rashnes, anfwere my life
 My iudgement, thy yongest daughter does not loue thee least,
 Nor are those empty harted whole low, found
 Reuerbs no hollownes.

[7

I. i.

And as a stranger to my heart and me,
 Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous *Scythian*,
 Or he that makes his generation meffes
 120 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome
 Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releu'd,
 As thou my sometime Daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege.

Lear. Peace *Kent*,

Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
 I lou'd her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nurfery. Hence and avoid my fight:
 So be my graue my peace, as here I giue
 Her Fathers heart from her; call *France*, who stirres?
 Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albanie*,

130 With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,
 Let pride, which she calls plainnesse, marry her:
 I doe inuest you ioyntly with my power,
 Preheminence, and all the large effects
 That troope with Maiesty. Our selfe by Monthly course,
 With referuation of an hundred Knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine
 The name, and all th'addition to a King: the Sway,
 Reuennew, Execution of the rest,
 140 Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
 This Coronet part betweene you.

Kent. Royall *Lear*,

Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
 Lou'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,
 As my great Patron thought on in my praers.

Le. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade
 The region of my heart, be *Kent* vnmanly,
 When *Lear* is mad, what wouldest thou do old man?
 Think'ft thou that dutie shall haue dread to speake,

150 When power to flattery bowes?
 To plainnesse honour's bound,
 When Maiesty falls to folly, referue thy state,
 And in thy best consideration checke
 This hideous rashnesse, answere my life, my iudgement:
 Thy yongest Daughter do's not loue thee least,
 Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds
 Reuerbe no hollownesse.

I. i.

Lear. *Kent* on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I neuer held but as a pawne
To wage against thy enemies, nor feare to lose it
Thy safty being the motiue.

Lear. Out of my fight.

160 *Kent.* See better *Lear* and let me still remaine,
The true blanke of thine eye.

Lear. Now by *Appollo*,

Kent. Now by *Appollo* King thou swearest thy Gods

Lear. Vassall, recreant. (in vaine.)

Kent. Doe, kill thy Phyficion,
And the fee bestow vpon the foule disease,
Reuoke thy doome, or whilst I can vent clamour
From my throat, ile tell thee thou dost euill.

170 *Lear.* Heare me, on thy allegeance heare me?
Since thou hast fought to make vs breake our vow,
Which we durst neuer yet; and with straid pride,
To come betweene our sentence and our powre,
Which nor our nature nor our place can beare,
Our potency made good, take thy reward,
Foure dayes we doe allot thee for prouision,
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the fift to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome, if on the tenth day following,
180 Thy banisht truncke be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death, away, by *Iupiter*
This shall not be reuokt. (appeare,

Kent. Why fare thee well king, since thus thou wilt
Friendship liues hence, and banishment is here,
The Gods to their protection take the maide,
That rightly thinks, and haft most iustly said, [8
And your large speeches may your deedes approue,
That good effects may spring from wordes of loue:
Thus *Kent* O Princes, bids you all adew,
190 Heele shape his old course in a cuntry new.

Enter France and Burgundie with Gloster.

Gloster. Heers *France* and *Burgundie* my noble Lord.

Lear. My L. of *Burgundie*, we first addres towards you,
Who with a King hath riuald for our daughter,

I. i.

Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne
To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to loofe it,
Thy safety being motiue.

Lear. Out of my fight.

160 *Kent.* See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.

Kear. Now by *Apollo*,

Lent. Now by *Apollo*, King
Thou fwearst thy Gods in vaine.

Lear. O Vaffall! Miscreant.

Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbear.

Kent. Kill thy Phyfition, and thy fee beftow
Vpon the foule difeafe, reuoke thy guift,
Or whil't I can vent clamour from my throate,
Ile tell thee thou doft euill.

170 *Lea.* Heare me recreant, on thine allegeance heare me;
That thou haft fought to make vs breake our vowes,
Which we durft neuer yet; and with ftrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentences, and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.
Fiue dayes we do allot thee for prouifion,
To fhield thee from difafters of the world,
And on the fixt to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome; if on the tenth day following,
180 Thy banifht trunk be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Iupiter*,
This fhall not be reuok'd,

Kent. Fare thee well King, fith thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome liues hence, and banifhment is here;
The Gods to their deere fhelter take thee Maid,
That iuftly think't, and haft moft rightly said:
And your large fpeeches, may your deeds approue,
That good effects may fpring from words of loue:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew,
190 Hee'l fhape his old courfe, in a Country new. *Exit.*

Flourifh. Enter *Glofter* with *France*, and *Burgundy*, *Attendants*.

Cor. Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundie*,
We firft addrefse toward you, who with this King

I. i.

What in the leaft will you require in prefent
Dower with her, or ceafe your queft of loue?

Burg. Royall maiefty, I craue no more then what
Your highnes offered, nor will you tender leffe?

(vs

Lear. Right noble *Burgundie*, when fhe was deere to
200 We did hold her fo, but now her prife is fallen,
Sir there fhe ftands, if ought within that little
Seeming fubftace, or al of it with our difpleafure pee'ft,

And nothing elfe may fitly like your grace,
Shees there, and fhe is yours.

Burg. I know no anfwer.

Lear. Sir will you with thofe infirmities fhe owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Couered with our curfe, and ftranger'd with our oth,
'Take her or leaue her.

Burg. Pardon me royall fir, election makes not vp
On fuch conditions.

(me

210 *Lear.* Then leaue her fir, for by the powre that made
I tell you all her wealth, for you great King,
I would not from your loue make fuch a ftray,
To match you where I hate, therefore befeech you,
To auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whome nature is afhamed
Almoft to acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is moft ftrange, that fhe, that euen but now
Was your beft obiect, the argument of your praife,
Balme of your age, moft beft, moft deereft,
220 Should in this trice of time commit a thing,
So monftrous to difmantell fo many foulds of faour,
Sure her offence muft be of fuch vnnaturall degree,

[9

That monfters it, or you for voucht affections
Falne into taint, which to beleue of her
Muft be a faith that reafon without miracle
Could neuer plant in me.

Cord. I yet befeech your Maieftie,
If for I want that glib and oyle Art,
To fpeake and purpofe not, fince what I well entend
He do't before I fpeake, that you may know
230 It is no vicious blot, murder or foulnes,

I. i.

Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the leaft
Will you require in present Dower with her,
Or ceafe your queft of Loue?

Bur. Moft Royall Maiefty,

I craue no more then hath your Highneffe offer'd,
Nor will you tender leffe?

Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,

When ſhe was deare to vs, we did hold her fo,
200 But now her price is fallen: Sir, there ſhe ſtands,
If ought within that little ſeeming ſubſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and ſhe is yours.

Bur. I know no anſwer.

Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'rd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her or, leaue her.

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,

Election makes not vp in ſuch conditions.

[285a

210 *Le.* Then leaue her fir, for by the powre that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your loue make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beſeech you
T'auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is aſham'd
Almoſt t'acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is moſt ſtrange,

That ſhe whom euen but now, was your obiect,
The argument of your praife, balme of your age,
The beſt, the deereſt, ſhould in this trice of time
220 Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of fauour: ſure her offence
Muſt be of ſuch vnnaturall degree,
That monſters it: Or your fore-voucht affection
Fall into taint, which to beleue of her
Muſt be a faith that reaſon without miracle
Should neuer plant in me.

Cor. I yet beſeech your Maieſty.

If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To ſpeake and purpoſe not, ſince what I will intend,
He do't before I ſpeake, that you make knowne
230 It is no vicious blot, murther, or fouleneſſe,

1. i.

No vneloune action or dishonord step
 That hath deprin'd me of your grace and fauour,
 But ouen for want of that, for which I am rich,
 A still folliciting eye, and such a tongue,
 As I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
 Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. (Goe to, goe to, better thou hadst not bin borne,
 Than not to haue pleas'd me better.

Fran. Is it no more but this, a tardines in nature,
 100 That often leaues the historie vnspoke that it intends to
 My Lord of *Burgundie*, what say you to the Lady? (do,
 Loue is not loue when it is mingled with respects that
 Aloofe from the intire point wil you haue her? (stāds
 She is her selfe and dowre.

Burg. Royall *Lear*, giue but that portion
 Which your selfe propos'd, and here I take *Cordelia*
 By the hand, Dutches of *Burgundie*.

Lear. Nothing, I haue sworne.

Burg. I am fory then you haue so lost a father.
 That you must loose a husband.

100 *Cord.* Peace be with *Burgundie*, since that respects
 Of fortune are his loue, I shall not be his wife.

Fran. Fairest *Cordelia* that art most rich being poore,
 Most choise forsaken, and most loued despis'd,
 These and thy vertues here I cease vpon.
 He it lawfull I take vp whats cast away.
 Good, good! tis strange, that from their couldst neglect,
 My loue should kinde to inham'd respect.

100 The dowrie's daughter King throwne to thy chance,
 Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire France:
 Not all the Duke is warrish *Burgundie*,
 Shall buy this rapin'd precious maide of me,
 Bid them farewell, *Cordelia*, though unkind
 Thou hast not here a better where to end.

Lear. Thou hast her France, let her be thine,
 For we haue no such daughter, nor shall ever see
 That face of hers againe, therefore be gone. *Burgundie*,
 Without our grace, our love, our benison, your noble
 100 First *Lear* and *Burgundie*.

Fran. Bid farewell to your sisters!

;10

I. i.

No vnchafte action or difhonoured ftep
That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,
A ftill foliciting eye, and fuch a tongue,
That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath loft me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou had'ft,
Not beene borne, then not t haue pleas'd me better.

Fra. Is it but this? A tardineffe in nature,
Which often leaues the hiftory vnfpoke
240 That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What fay you to the Lady? Loue's not loue
When it is mingled with regards, that ftands
Aloofe from th'intire point, will you haue her?
She is herfelfe a Dowrie.

Bur. Royall King,
Giue but that portion which your felfe propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheffe of *Burgundie*.

Lear. Nothing, I haue fworne, I am firme.

Bur. I am forry then you haue fo loft a Father,
250 That you muft loofe a husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundie*,
Since that refpect and Fortunes are his loue,
I fhall not be his wife.

Fra. Faireft *Cordelia*, that art moft rich being poore,
Moft choife forfaken, and moft lou'd despis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I feize vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's caft away.
Gods, Gods! 'Tis ftrange, that from their cold'ft neglect
My Loue fhould kindle to enflam'd refpect.
Thy dowreleffe Daughter King, throwne to my chance,
260 Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes of watrifh *Burgundy*,
Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,
Thou loofeft here a better where to finde.

Lear. Thou haft her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Haue no fuch Daughter, nor fhall euer fee
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:
Come Noble *Burgundie*. *Flourifh. Exeunt.*

270 *Fra* Bid farwell to your Sifters.

I. i.

Cord. The iewels of our father, (you are,
 With washt eyes *Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what
 And like a sifter am most loath to call your faults
 As they are named, vse well our Father,
 To your professed bosoms I commit him,
 But yet alas stood I within his grace,
 I would preferre him to a better place:
 So farewell to you both?

Gonorill. Prescribe not vs our duties?

290 *Regan.* Let your study be to content your Lord,
 Who hath receaued you at Fortunes almes,
 You haue obedience scanted,
 And well are worth the worth that you haue wanted.

Cord. Time shal vnfold what pleated cūning hides,
 Who couers faults, at last shame them derides:
 Well may you prosper.

Fran. Come faire *Cordelia*? *Exit France & Cord.*

Gonor. Sister, it is not a little I haue to say,
 Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,
 I thinke our father will hence to night.

290 *Reg.* Thats most certaine, and with you, next moneth with vs.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is the obseruation we
 haue made of it hath not bin little; hee alwaies loued our sifter
 most, and with what poore iudgement hee hath now cast her
 off, appears too grosse.

Reg. Tis the infirmitie of his age, yet hee hath euer but slenderly
 knowne himselfe. [11

300 *Gono.* The best and foundest of his time hath bin but rash,
 then must we looke to receiue from his age not alone the imper-
 fection of long ingrafted condition, but therewithal vnruely way-
 wardnes, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.

Rag. Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from him, as
 this of *Kents* banishment.

310 *Gono.* There is further complement of leaue taking betweene
France and him, pray lets hit together, if our Father cary autho-
 rity with such dispositions as he beares, this last surrender of his
 will but offend vs,

Ragan. We shall further thinke on't.

Gon. We must doe something, and it'h heate. *Exeunt.*

I. i.

Cor. The Iewels of our Father, with wafh'd eies
Cordelia leaues you, I know you what you are,
 And like a Sifter am moft loth to call
 Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:
 To your professed bofomes I commit him,
 But yet alas, ftood I within his Grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place,
 So farewell to you both.

Regn. Prefcribe not vs our dutie.

Gon. Let your ftudy

280 Be to content your Lord, who hath receiu'd you
 At Fortunes almes, you haue obedience fcanted,
 And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.

Cor. Time fhall vnfold what plighted cunning hides,
 Who couers faults, at laft with fhame derides:
 Well may you profper.

Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia*. *Exit France and Cor.*

Gon. Sifter, it is not little I haue to fay,
 Of what moft neerely appertaines to vs both,
 I thinke our Father will hence to night. (with vs.

290 *Reg.* That's moft certaine, and with you: next moneth

Gon. You fee how full of changes his age is, the ob-
 feruation we haue made of it hath beene little; he alwaies
 lou'd our Sifter moft, and with what poore iudgement he
 hath now caft her off, appeares too groffely.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but
 flenderly knowne himfelfe.

300 *Gon.* The beft and foundeft of his time hath bin but
 rafh, then muft we looke from his age, to receiue not a-
 lone the imperfections of long ingrafted condition, but
 therewithall the vnruely way-wardneffe, that infirme and
 cholericke yeares bring with them.

Reg. Such vnconftant starts are we like to haue from
 him, as this of *Kents* banifhment.

Gon. There is further complement of leaue-taking be-
 tweene *France* and him, pray you let vs fit together, if our
 Father carry authority with fuch difpofition as he beares,
 310 this laft furrender of his will but offend vs.

Reg. We fhall further thinke of it.

Gon. We muft do fomething, and i'th' beate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bastard Solus.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy law my seruices are bound, wherefore should I stand in the plague of custome, and permit the curiositie of nations to depriue me, for that I am some twelue or 14. mooneshines lag of a brother, why bastard? wherefore base, when my dementions are as well compact, my mind as generous, and my shape as true as honest madams issue, why brand they vs with base, base bastardie? who in the lusty stealth of nature, take more composition and feirce quality, then doth within a stale dull lyed bed, goe to the creating of a whole tribe of fops got tweene a sleepe and wake; well the legitimate *Edgar*, I must haue your land, our Fathers loue is to the bastard *Edmund*, as to the legitimate, well my legitimate, if this letter speede, and my inuention thriue, *Edmund* the base shall tooth'legitimate: I grow, I prosper, now Gods stand vp for Bastards.

Enter Gloster.

Gloft. *Kent* banisht thus, and *France* in choller parted, and the King gone to night, subscribed his power, confined to exhibition, all this donne vpon the gadde; *Edmund* how now what newes?

Bast. So please your Lordship, none.

Gloft. Why so earnestly seeke you to put vp that letter?

Bast. I know no newes my Lord.

Gloft. What paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing my Lord,

Gloft. No, what needes then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket, the qualitie of nothing hath not such need to hide it selfe, lets see, come if it bee nothing I shall not neede spectacles. [12

Ba. I beseech you Sir pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I haue not all ore read, for so much as I haue perused, I find it not fit for your liking.

[. ii.]

*Scena Secunda.**Enter Bastard.*

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddeffe, to thy Law
 My seruices are bound, wherefore should I
 Stand in the plague of custome, and permit
 The curiosity of Nations, to deprive me?
 For that I am some twelue, or fourteene Moonshines
 Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?
 When my Dimensions are as well compact,
 My minde as generous, and my shape as true
 As honest Madams issue? Why brand they vs
 10 With Base? With basenes Barftadie? Base, Base?
 Who in the lustie stealth of Nature, take
 More composition, and fierce qualitie,
 Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed
 Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops
 Got 'twene a fleepe, and wake? Well then,
 Legitimate *Edgar*, I must haue your land,
 Our Fathers loue, is to the Bastard *Edmond*,
 As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.
 Well, my Legittimate, if this Letter speed,
 20 And my inuention thrive, *Edmond* the base
 Shall to'th'Legitimate: I grow, I prosper: *Ex*
 Now Gods, stand vp for Bastards.

[286a]

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus? and France in choller parted?
 And the King gone to night? *Preferib'd* his powre,
 Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
 Vpon the gad? *Edmond*, how now? What newes?
Bast. So please your Lordship, none.
Glo. Why so earnestly seeke you to put vp $\frac{1}{2}$ Letter?
Bast. I know no newes, my Lord.
 30 *Glo.* What Paper were you reading?
Bast. Nothing my Lord.
Glo. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of
 it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not
 such neede to hide it selfe. Let's see: come, if it bee no-
 thing, I shall not neede Spectacles.
Bast. I beseech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter
 from my Brother, that I haue not all ore-read; and for so
 40 much as I haue perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-look-
 king.

I. ii.

Glost. Giue me the letter fir.

Bast. I shall offend either to detaine or giue it, the contents as in part I vnderstand them, are too blame.

Glost. Lets see, lets see?

Bast. I hope for my brothers iustification, he wrot this but as an essay, or tast of my vertue. *A Letter.*

Glost. This policie of age makes the world bitter to the best
50 of our times, keepes our fortunes from vs till our oldnes cannot relifh them, I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who swaies not as it hath power, but as it is suffered, come to me, that of this I may speake more, if our father would sleepe till I wakt him, you should inioy halfe his reuenew for euer, and liue the beloued of your brother *Edgar*.

Hum, conspiracie, flept till I wakt him, you should enioy halfe
60 his reuenew, my sonne *Edgar*, had hee a hand to writ this, a hart, and braine to breed it in, when came this to you, who brought it?

Bast. It was not brought me my Lord, ther's the cunning of it, I found it throwne in at the casement of my closet.

Glost. You know the Caractar to be your brothers?

Bast. If the matter were good, my Lord I durst sweare it were
70 his but in respect, of that I would faine thinke it were not,

Glost. It is his?

Bast. It is his hand my Lord, but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glost. Hath he neuer heretofore soulded you in this busines?

Bast. Neuer my Lord, but I haue often heard him maintaine it to be fit, that sons at perfit age, & fathers declining, his father should be as ward to the sonne, and the sonne mannage the reuenew.

Glost. O villaine, villaine, his very opinion in the letter, abhorred villaine, vnnaturall detefted brutifh villaine, worfe then
80 brutifh, go fir seeke him, I apprehend him, abhominable villaine where is he? [13

Bast. I doe not well know my Lord, if it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, til you can deriue from him better testimony of this intent: you should run a certaine course, where if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your owne
90

I. ii.

Glou. Giue me the Letter, Sir.

Bast. I shall offend, either to detaine, or giue it:
The Contents, as in part I vnderstand them,
Are too blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see.

Bast. I hope for my Brothers iuftification, hee wrote
this but as an essay, or taste of my Vertue.

Glou. reads. *This policie, and reuerence of Age, makes the*
50 *world bitter to the best of our times: keepes our Fortunes from*
vs, till our oldnesse cannot relifh them. I begin to finde an idle
and fond bondage, in the oppression of aged tyranny, who swayes
not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of
this I may speake more. If our Father would sleepe till I wak'd
him, you should enioy halfe his Reuennew for euer, and liue the
beloued of your Brother. Edgar.

Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should
60 enioy halfe his Reuennew: my Sonne *Edgar*, had hee a
hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in?
When came you to this? Who brought it?

Bast. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the
cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Casement of
my Cloffet.

Glou. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Bast. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear
70 it were his: but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it
were not.

Glou. It is his.

Bast. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is
not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he neuer before founded you in this bufines?

Bast. Neuer my Lord. But I haue heard him oft main-
taine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers
declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and
the Sonne manage his Reuennew.

80 *Glou.* O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Let-
ter. Abhorred Villaine, vnaturall, detefted, brutifh
Villaine; worfe then brutifh: Go firrah, seeke him: Ile
apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he?

Bast. I do not well know my L. If it shall please you to
suspend your indignation against my Brother, til you can
deriue from him better testimony of his intent, you shold
90 run a certaine course: where, if you violently proceed a-
gainst him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great

C+W. sleepe + wak'd F+C
but "would" which makes most
sense not quoted.

I. ii.

honour, & shake in peeces the heart of his obediēce, I dare pawn
downe my life for him, he hath wrote this to feele my affection
to your honour, and to no further pretence of danger.

Glost. Thinke you so?

Bast. If your honour iudge it meete, I will place you where
you shall heare vs conferre of this, and by an auringular assurance
100 haue your satisfactiō, and that without any further delay then
this very euening.

Glost. He cannot be such a monfter.

Bast. [Nor is not sure. C']

no sympathy for Edgar
then made by Lear
& actor.

Glost. To his father, that so tenderly and intirely loues him,
heauen and earth! *Edmund* seeke him out, wind mee into him, I
pray you frame your busines after your own wisdome, I would
vnstate my selfe to be in a due resolution.

110 *Bast.* I shall seeke him fir presently, conuey the businesse as I
shall see meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glost. These late eclipses in the Sunne and Moone portend
no good to vs, though the wisdome of nature can reason thus
and thus, yet nature finds it selfe scourg'd by the sequent effects,
loue cooles, friendship fals off, brothers diuide, in Citties mu-
tinies, in Countries discord, Pallaces treason, the bond crackt
betweene sonne and father; find out this villaine *Edmund*, it shal
loose thee nothing, doe it carefully, and the noble and true har-
ted *Kent* banisht, his offence honest, fstrange [fstrange]

Kent Ban. Coll.

Bast. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when
130 we are sicke in Fortune, often the surfeit of our owne behauiour, C + v
we make guiltie of our disafters, the Sunne, the Moone, and [the] C + v
Starres, as if we were Villaines by neecessitie, Fooles by heauen- C + v
ly compulsion, Knaues, Theeues, and Trecherers by spirituall
predominance, Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an enforst [1.
obedience of planitary influence, an all that wee are euill in,
by a diuine thrusting on, an admirable euasion of whoremaster C +
man, to lay his gotifh disposition to the charge of Starres; my Qs + h
140 Father compounded with my Mother vnder the Dragons taile,
and my natiuitie was vnder *Vrsa maior*, so that it followes, I am
rough and lecherous, Fut, I should haue beene that I am, had the B + j

Tit (Jennens)
Foot (Stamels)

I. ii.

gap in your owne Honor, and shake in peeces, the heart of his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, & to no other pretence of danger.

[286b

Glou. Thinke you so?

100 *Basl.* If your Honor iudge it meete, I will place you where you shall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Auricular affurance haue your satisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Euening.

Glou. He cannot bee such a Monster. *Edmond* seeke him out: winde me into him. (I pray you:) frame the Bu- sineffe after your owne wifedome. I would vnstate my selfe, to be in a due resolution.

(Edmond - you see - I)
(I pray you:)
(I would vnstate my selfe - give up father and)

110 *Basl.* I will seeke him Sir, presently: conuey the bu- sineffe as I shall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glou. These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone portend no good to vs: though the wifedome of Nature can reason [it] thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scourg'd by the sequent effects. Loue cooles, friendship falls off, Brothers diuide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, discord; [in] Pallaces, Treason; [and] the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Sonne and Father. [This villaine of mine comes vnder the prediction; there's Son against Father, the King falls from byas of Nature, there's Father against Childe. We haue seene the best of our time. Machinations, hollownesse, treacherie, and all ruinous diforders follow vs disquietly to our Graues.] Find out this Villain *Edmond*, it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true-hearted Kent banish'd; his offence, honesty. [Tis] strange. *Exit*

Eclipses for the King
(I pray you:)
(I would vnstate my selfe - give up father and)

130 *Basl.* This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ficke in fortune, often the surfet of our own behaiour, we make guilty of our difacters, the Sun, the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on neecessitie, Fooles by heauenly compulsion, Knaues, Theeues, and Treachers by Sphericall predominance. Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an infore'd obedience of Planetary influence; and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thrusting on. An admirable euasion of Whore-master-man, to lay his Goatish disposition on the charge of a Starre.
140 My father compounded with my mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my Natiuity was vnder *Vrsa Maior*, so

(I pray you:)
(I would vnstate my selfe - give up father and)

Handwritten notes

Q 3

Full

I. ii.

c+W follow
Steinmetz (1778)

Edgar - like Edgar

maidenleft starre of the Firmament twinkled on my bastardy
Enter Edgar. Edgar, [and] out hee comes like the Catastrophe of the old Co-
medy, mine is villanous melancholy, with a fith like them of
Bedlam; O these eclipses doe portend these diuisions.

150 *Edgar.* How now brother *Edmund*, what ferious contempla-
tion are you in?

Bast. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other
day, what should follow these Eclipses.

Edg. Do you busie your selfe about that? C+W

Bast. I promise you the effects he writ of, succeed vnhappily,
as of vnnaturalnesse betweene the child and the parent, death,
dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, diuisions in state, mena-
ces and maledictions against King and nobles, needles diffiden-
ces, banishment of frieds, diffipation of Cohorts, nuptial breach-
es, and I know not what. C+W

Schmidt
in par legemena

Edg. How long haue you beene a sectary Astronomicall?

Bast. Come, come, when saw you my father laft?

Edg. [Why,] the night gon by. C+W

Bast. Spake you with him?

170 *Edg.* Two houres together.

Bast. Parted you in good tearmes? found you no displeasure
in him by word or countenance? C+W

Edg. None at all.

Bast. Bethinke your selfe wherein you may haue offended
him, and at my intreatie, forbear his presence, till some little
time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this in-
stant so rageth in him, that with the mischiefe, of your parfon it
would scarce allay. C+W

180 *Edg.* Some villaine hath done me wrong.

Bast. Thats my feare brother, I aduise you to the best, [goe
arm'd] I am no honest man if there bee any good meaning to-
wards you, I haue told you what I haue seene & heard, but faint-
ly, nothing like the image and horror of it, pray you away! C+W

[15

I. ii.

that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. ^{treacherous (Dress u. b. dress)} I should ^{incidental F34} have bin ^{incidental Q3} that I am, had the maidenleft Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie: my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a fighe like Tom o'Bedlam. — O these Eclipses do portend these diuisions. [Fa, Sol, La, Me.] ^{vi (Hummer) Hammer) c+w "Ni uerit a la et diabulus"}

150 Edg. How now Brother Edmond, what serious contemplation are you in?

Bast. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

Edg. Do you bufile your selfe with that?

Bast. I promise you; the effects he writes of, succede ^{and it is 234} vnhappily.

When saw you my Father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Bast. Spake you with him?

170 Edg. I, two houres together. ^{ay (Roure) c+w}

Bast. Parted you in good termes? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all,

Bast. Bethink your selfe wherein you may haue offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his preference, untill some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person, it would fearfully alay. ^[287a]

180 Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my feare, [I pray you haue a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes flower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to heare my Lord speake: pray ye goe, there's my key: if you do stirre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother?]

190 Edm.] Brother, I aduise you to the best, I am no honest man, if ther be any good meaning toward you: I haue told you what I haue seene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away. ^{c+w}

I. ii.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon?*Bast.* I doe serue you in this busines:*Exit Edgar*

A credulous Father, and a brother noble,
 Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,
 That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty
 My practises ride easie, I see the busines,
 Let me if not by birth, haue lands by wit,

200 All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit.

Exit.

I. iii.

*Enter Gonorill and Gentleman.**Gon.* Did my Father strike my gentleman for chiding of his foole?*Gent.* Yes Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me,
 Every houre he flasnes into one grosse crime or other
 That sets vs all at ods, ile not indure it,
 His Knights grow ryotous, and him selfe obrayds vs,
 On euery trifell when he returnes from hunting,
 I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,
 If you come slacke of former seruices,

10 You shall doe well, the fault of it ile answere.

Gent. Hee's coming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what wearie negligence you please, you and your
 fellow seruants, i'de haue it come in question, if he dislike it, let
 him to our sifter, whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
 [not to be ouerruld;] idle old man that still would manage those
 authorities that hee hath giuen away, now by my life old fooles
 20 are babes again, & must be vs'd with checkes as flatteries, when
 they are seene about remember what I tell you.

yne.

Gent. Very well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder looks among you, what
 growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes so, [I would breed
 from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may speake] ile write
 straight to my sifter to hould my very course, goe prepare for
 dinner.

Exit.

I. iv.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my speech
 defuse, my good intent may carry through it selfe to that full if- [16

ii.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon?

Edm. I do serue you in this bufineffe [low P_{er} M_{en}]

[*Exit.*] Q₂

Exit Edgar

A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honestie
My practises ride easie: I see the bufineffe.
Let me, if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
200 All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

iii.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole?

Ste. I Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, euery howre
He flashes into one grosse crime, or other,
That sets vs all at ods: Ile not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe vpbraides vs
On euery trifle. When he returnes from hunting,
I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,
If you come slacke of former seruices,

10 You shall do well, the fault of it Ile answer.

Ste. He's comming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your Fellowes: I'de haue it come to question;
If he distaste it, let him to my Sifter,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I haue said.

Ste. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder looks among
you: what growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes
so, Ile write straight to my Sifter to hold my course; pre-
pare for dinner. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

iv.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent

I. iv.

due for which I raz'd my likenes, now banisht *Kent*, if thou canst serue where thou doft stand condem'd, thy maister whom thou louest shall find the full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not stay a iot for dinner, goe get it readie, how
10 now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doft thou professe? what would'ft thou with vs?

Kent. I doe professe to be no lesse then I seeme, to serue him truly that will put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to conuerse with him that is wise, and sayes little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eate no fishe.

Lear. What art thou?

20 *Kent.* A very honest harted fellow, and as poore as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poore for a subiect, as he is for a King, thar't poore enough, what would'ft thou?

Kent. Service. *Lear.* Who would'ft thou serue?

Kent. You. *Lear.* Do'ft thou know me fellow?

30 *Kent.* No sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Maister.

Lear. What's that? *Kent.* Authoritie.

Lear. What seruices canst doe?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message bluntly, that which ordinarie men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

40 *Kent.* Not so yong to loue a woman for finging, nor so old to dote on her for any thing, I haue yeares on my backe fortie eight.

Lear. Follow mee, thou shalt serue mee, if I like thee no worle after dinner, I will not part from thee yet, dinner, ho dinner, wher's my knaue, my foole, goe you and call my foole hither, you sirra, whers my daughter?

iv.

May carry through it felse to that full iffue
For which I raiz'd my likeneffe. Now banisht *Kent*,
If thou canst serue where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Master whom thou lou'ft,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

[287b

Lear. Let me not stay a iot for dinner, go get it ready: hownow, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What dost thou professe? What would'ft thou with vs?

Kent. I do professe to be no lesse then I seeme; to serue him truly that will put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to conuerse with him that is wise and saies little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot choofe, and to eate no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

20 *Kent.* A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be'ft as poore for a subiect, as hee's for a King, thou art poore enough. What would'ft thou?

Kent. Seruice.

Lear. Who would'ft thou serue?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'ft thou know me fellow?

30 *Kent.* No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What seruices canst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is Dilligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

40 *Kent.* Not so young Sir to loue a woman for finging, nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serue me, if I like thee no worfe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue? my Foole? Go you and call my Foole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So please you,

50 *Lear.* What say's the fellow there, call the clat-pole backe,
whers my foole, ho I thinke the world's afleepe, how now, [17
wher's that mungrel?

Kent. He say's my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the flauē backe to mee when I cal'd
him?

Seruant. Sir, hee answered mee in the roundest maner, hee
60 would not. *Lear.* A would not?

Seruant. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my
iudgemēt, your highnes is not ētertained with that ceremonious
affection as you were wont, ther's a great abatement, apeer's as
well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himfelse alfo,
and your daughter. *Lear.* Ha, say'ft thou so?

70 *Seruant.* I befeech you pardon mee my Lord, if I be mistaken,
for my dutie cannot bee filent, when I thinke your highnesse
wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ft me of mine owne conception, I
haue perceiued a moft faint neglect of late, which I haue rather
blamed as mine owne ielous curiofitie, then as a very pretence &
purport of vnkindnesse, I will looke further into't, but wher's
this foole? I haue not seene him this two dayes.

80 *Seruant.* Since my yong Ladies going into *France* fir, the foole
hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it, goe you and tell my
daughter, I would speake with her, goe you cal hither my foole,
O you fir, you fir, come you hither, who am I fir?

Steward. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you horefon dog,
you flauē, you cur.

90 *Stew.* I am none of this my Lord, I befeech you pardon me.

Lear. Doe you bandie lookes with me you rafcall?

Stew. Ile not be struck my Lord,

Kent. Nor tript neither, you bafe football player.

[. iv.

Enter Steward.

Ste. So please you ——— *Exit.*

50 *Lear.* What saies the Fellow there? Call the Clot-pole backe: wher's my Foole? Ho, I thinke the world's afleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knigh. He saies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the flauē backe to me when I call'd him?

Knigh. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

60 *Lear.* He would not?

Knigh. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgement your Highnesse is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, theres a great abatement of kindnesse appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha? Saift thou so?

70 *Knigh.* I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke your Highnesse wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembreth me of mine owne Conception, I haue perceiued a most faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne iealous curiositie, then as a very pretence and purpose of vnkindnesse; I will looke further intoo't: but where's my Foole? I haue not seene him this two daies.

80 *Knigh.* Since my young Ladies going into *France* Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

[288a

Enter Steward.

Ste. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whorson dog, you flauē, you curre.

90 *Ste.* I am none of these my Lord, I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascall?

Ste. Ile not be strucken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you bafe Foot-ball plaier.

I. iv.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou feru'ft me, and ile loue thee.

100 *Kent.* Come fir ile teach you differences. away, away, if
you will meafure your lubbers, length againe tarry, but away,
you haue wifedome.

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thank thee, their's earnest of
thy feruice. *Enter Foole.*

Foole. Let me hire him too, heer's my coxcombe. [18

Lear. How now my prety knaue, how do'ft thou?

Foole. Sirra, you were beft take my coxcombe.

110 *Kent.* Why Foole?

Foole. Why for taking on's part, that's out of fauour, nay and
thou can't not fmile as the wind fits, thou't catch cold fhortly,
there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath banifht two
on's daughters, and done the third a bleffing againft his will, if
thou follow him, thou muft needs weare my coxcombe, how
now nuncle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

120 *Foole.* If I gaue them any liuing, id'e keepe my coxcombs
my felfe, ther's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heede firra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is a dog that muft to kenell, hee muft bee whipt
out, when Ladie oth'e brach may ftand by the fire and ftincke.

Lear. A peftilent gull to mee.

Foole. Sirra ile teach thee a fpeech. *Lear.* Doe.

130 *Foole.* Marke it vncke, haue more then thou fheweft, fpeake
leffe then thou knoweft, lend leffe then thou oweft, ride more
then thou goeft, learne more then thou troweft, fet leffe then
thou throweft, leaue thy drinke and thy whore, and keepe in a
140 doore, and thou fhalt haue more, then two tens to a fcore.

Lear. This is nothing foole.

v.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.

Thou seru'ft me, and Ile loue thee.

00 *Kent.* Come fir, arife, away, Ile teach you differences:
away, away, if you will meafure your lubbers length a-
gaine, tarry, but away, goe too, haue you wifedome, fo.

Lear. Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's
earnest of thy seruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how doft thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were beft take my Coxcombe.

10 *Lear.* Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour,
nay, & thou canft not fmile as the wind fits, thou'lt catch
colde fhortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow
ha's banifh'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a
bleffing againft his will, if thou follow him, thou muft
needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would
I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

120 *Fool.* If I gaue them all my liuing, I'd keepe my Cox-
combes my felfe, there's mine, beg another of thy
Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truth's a dog muft to kennell, hee muft bee
whipt out, when the Lady Brach may ftand by'th'fire
and ftinke.

Lear. A peftilent gall to me.

Foole. Sirra, Ile teach thee a fpeech.

Lear. Do.

130 *Foole.* Marke it Nuncle;
Haue more then thou fhoweft,
Speake leffe then thou knoweft,
Lend leffe then thou oweft,
Ride more then thou goeft,
Learne more then thou troweft,
Set leffe then thou throweft;
Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a dore,
And thou fhalt haue more,
140 Then two tens to a fcore.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

I. iv.

Foole. Then like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vse of nothing vncke?

Lear. Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Preethe tell him so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleuee a foole.

150 *Lear.* A bitter foole.

Foole. Doo't know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter foole, and a sweete foole.

Lear. No lad, teach mee.

Foole. [That Lord that counsail'd thee to giue away thy land, Come place him heere by mee, doe thou for him stand, The sweet and bitter foole will presently appeare,
160 The one in motley here, the other found out there.

Lear. Do't thou call mee foole boy?

Foole. All thy other Titles thou hast giuen away, tha thou [1
waft borne with

Kent. This is not altogether foole my Lord.

Foole. No faith, Lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopolie out, they would haue part an't, and Ladies too, they will not let me haue all the foole to my selfe, they'l be snatching;
170 giue me an egge Nuncke, and ile giue thee two crownes.

Lear. What two crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why, after I haue cut the egge in the middle and eate vp the meate, the two crownes of the egge; when thou clouest thy crowne it'h middle, and gauest away both parts, thou borest thy affe at'h backe or'e the durt, thou had't little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gauest thy golden one away, if I speake like
180 my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first finds it so.

Fooles had nere lesse wit in a yeare,
For wise men are growne foppish,
They know not how their wits doe weare,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs firra?

Foole. I haue vs'd it nuncke, euer since thou mad't thy daughters thy mother, for when thou gauest them the rod, and put't
190 downe thine own breeches, then they for sudden ioy did weep, and I for sorrow fung, that such a King should play bo-peepe, and goe the-fooles among: prethe Nuncke keepe a schoolemaster that can teach thy foole to lye, I would faine learne to lye.

I. iv.

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer,
you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vse of no-
thing Nunckle?

Lear. Why no Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land
comes to, he will not beleuee a Foole.

150 *Lear.* A bitter Foole.

Foole. Do'ft thou know the difference my Boy, be-
twene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

[288b

170 *Foole.* Nunckle, giue me an egge, and Ile giue thee
two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge i'th'middle and
eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when
thou clouest thy Crownes i'th'middle, and gau'ft away
both parts, thou boar'ft thine Affe on thy backe o're the
durt, thou had'ft little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou
gau'ft thy golden one away; if I speake like my selfe in
180 this, let him be whipt that first findes it so.

Fooles had nere lesse grace in a yeere,
For wifemen are growne foppish,
And know not how their wits to weare,
Their manners are so apish.

Le. When were you wont to be so full of Songs firrah?

Foole. I haue vsed it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'ft
thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'ft them
190 the rod, and put'ft downe thine owne breeches, then they
For sodaine ioy did weepe,
And I for sorrow fung,
That such a King should play bo-peepe,

Lear. And you lye, weele haue you whipt.

200 *Foole.* I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l
haue me whipt for speaking true, thou wilt haue mee whipt for
lying, and sometime I am whipt for holding my peace, I had
rather be any kind of thing then a foole, and yet I would not bee
thee Nuncle, thou haft pared thy wit a both sides, & left nothing
in the middle, here comes one of the parings.

Enter Gonorill.

Lear. How now daughter, what makes that Frontlet on,
Me thinks you are too much alate it'h frowne.

210 *Foole.* Thou waft a prettie fellow when thou had'ft no need
to care for her frowne, now thou art an O without a figure, I am
better then thou art now, I am a foole, thou art nothing, yes for-
footh I will hould my tongue, fo your face bids mee, though [X
you fay nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keepes neither cruft nor crum,
Wearie of all, fhall want some. That's a sheald pefcod.

220 *Gon.* Not onely fir this, your all-licene'd foole, but other of
your infolent retinue do hourelly carpe and quarrell, breaking
forth in ranke & (not to be indured riots,) Sir I had thought by
making this well knowne vnto you, to haue found a safe redres,
but now grow fearefull by what your selfe too late haue spoke
and done, that you protect this courfe, and put on by your al-
lowance, which if you should, the fault would not scape censure,
230 nor the redrefse, sleepe, which in the tender of a wholfome
weale, might in their working doe you that offence, that else
were fhamé, that then necessitie muft call difcreet proceedings.

Foole. For you trow nuncle, the hedge sparrow fed the Coo-
kow so long, that it had it head bit off beit young, so out went
the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

240 *Gon.* Come fir, I would you would make vse of that good
wisedome whereof I know you are fraught, and put away these

iv.

And goe the Foole among.

Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemafter that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. And you lie firrah, wee'l haue you whipt.

200 *Foole.* I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for speaking true: thou'lt haue me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th'middle; heere comes one o'the parings.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th'frowne.

210 *Foole.* Thou waft a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forfooth I will hold my tongue, fo your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keepe nor cruft, nor crum,
Weary of all, fhall want some. That's a fheald Pefcod.

220 *Gon.* Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,
But other of your infolent retinue
Do hourelly Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth
In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.
I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,
'To haue found a fafe redrefse, but now grow fearefull
By what your felfe too late haue spoke and done,
That you protect this courfe, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you should, the fault
Would not scape cenfure, nor the redreffes fleepe,
230 Which in the tender of a wholefome weale,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were fhame, that then neceffitie
Will call discreet proceeding.

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo fo long, that it's had it head bit off by it young, fo out went the Candle, and we were left dark-ling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter? (dome)

240 *Gon.* I would you would make vse of your good wife-
(Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away

I. iv.

dispositions, that of late tranforme you from what you rightly are.

Foole. May not an Affe know when the cart drawes the horse, whoop *Iug* I loue thee.

Lear. Doth any here know mee? why this is not *Lear*, doth *Lear* walke thus? speake thus? where are his eyes, either his notion, weaknes, or his discernings are lethergie, sleeeping, or wake-
 250 ing; ha! sure tis not so, who is it that can tell me who I am? *Lear's* shadow? **I** would learne that, for by the markes of foueraintie, knowledge, and reafon, I should bee false perswaded I had daughters.

Foole. Which they, will make an obedient father.]

Lear. Your name faire gentlewoman?

Gon. Come sir, this admiration is much of the saouour of other
 260 your new prankes, I doe befeech you vnderstand my purpofes aright, as you are old and reuerend, should be wife, here do you keepe a 100. Knights and Squires, men so difordred, so deboyft and bold, that this our court infected with their manners, showes like a riotous Inne, epicurisme, and lust make more like a tauerne
 or brothell, then a great pallace, the flame it selfe doth speake
 for instant remedie, be thou desired by her, that else will take the
 270 thing shee begs, a little to disquantitie your traine, and the remainder that shall still depend, to bee such men as may befort your age, that know themfelues and you.

[21

Lear. Darkenes, and Deuils! saddle my horfes, call my traine together, degenerate bastard, ile not trouble thee, yet haue I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your difordred rabble, make seruants of their betters. *Enter Duke.*

280 *Lear.* We that too late repent's, O sir, are you come? is it your will that wee prepare any horfes, ingratitude! thou marble harted fiend, more hideous when thou shewest thee in a child, then the Sea-monster, detested kite, thou list my traine, and men of choife and rarest parts, that all particulars of dutie knowe, and in the most exact regard, support the worships of their name, O

I. iv.

These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Foole. May not an Affe know, when the Cart drawes [289a
the Horfe?

Whoop Iugge I loue thee.

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

This is not *Lear* :

Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?

Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings

Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?

250 Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Foole. *Lears* shadow.

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'th'fauour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
260 To vnderstand my purposes aright:
As you are Old, and Reuerend, should be Wife.
Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,
That this our Court infected with their manners,
Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Luft
Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell,
Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake
For iustant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begges,
270 A little to disquantity your Traine,
And the remainders that shall still depend,
To be such men as may befort your Age,
Which know themselves, and you.

Lear. Darknesse, and Diuels.

Saddle my horses: call my Traine together.

Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee;

Yet haue I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable,
make Seruants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:

280 Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.
Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou shew'ft thee in a Child,
Then the Sea-monster.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient.

I. iv.

290 most small fault, how vgly did'st thou in *Cordelia* shewe, that
like an engine wrencht my frame of nature from the fixt place,
drew from my heart all loue and added to the gall, O *Lear. Lear!*
beat at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy deere iudgement
out, goe goe, my people?

Duke. My Lord, I am gittles as I am ignorant.

Leir. It may be so my Lord, harke *Nature*, heare deere God-
desse, suspend thy purpofe, if thou did'st intend to make this
300 creature fruitful into her wombe, conuey sterility, drie vp in hir
the organs of increase, and from her derogate body neuer spring
a babe to honour her, if shee must teeme, create her childe of
spleene, that it may liue and bee a thourt difuetur'd torment to
her, let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth, with accent
teares, fret channels in her cheeks, turne all her mothers paines
and benefits to laughter and contempt, that shee may feele, that
310 she may feele, how sharper then a serpens tooth it is, to haue a
thanklesse child, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this!

Gon. Neuer afflict your selfe to know the cause, but let his
disposition haue that scope that dotage giues it.

Lear. What, fiftie of my followers at a clap, within a fortnight?

Duke. What is the matter fir?

Lear. Ile tell thee, life and death! I am a sham'd that thou hast
320 power to shake my manhood thus, that these hot teares that
breake from me perforce, should make the worst blafts and fogs
vpon the vntented woundings of a fathers curffe, pierce euery
fence about the old fond eyes, beweepe this cause againe, ile

iv.

Lear. Detached Eke thou wast.

My Traines are men of thine, and must part.

That all particulars of Iurie know.

And in the most exact regard support

The worshipps of their name. O most small fault.

How vgly dost thou in *Corvato* show?

190 Which like an Engine wrencht my frame of Nature

From the fixt place: drew from my heart all love.

And added to the gall. O *Lear. Lear. Lear!*

Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in.

And thy deere Enigement out. O let go my people.

Alb. My Lord I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant

Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord.

Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare:

Suspend thy purpose, if thou dost intend

To make this Creature fruitfull:

100 Into her Wombe convey fertility.

Drie vp in her the Organs of increase.

And from her derogate body, neuer spring

A Babe to honor her. If she must teeme,

Create her childe of Spine, that it may liue

And be a thwart difnatur'd torment to her.

Let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth.

With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes.

Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits

To laughter, and contempt: That she may feele,

310 How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is,

To haue a thanklesse Childe. Away, away.

Alb.

Alb. Now Gods that we adore,

Whereof comes this?

Gon. Neuer afflict your selfe to know more of it:

But let his disposition haue that scope

As dotage giues it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fiftie of my Followers at a clap?

Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee:

Life and death, I am agham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus.

320 That these hot teares, which breake from me perforce

Should make thee worth them.

I. iv.

pluck you out, & you cast with the waters that you make to temper clay, yea, i't come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am sure is kind and comfortable, when shee shall heare this of thee, with her nailes shee'l flea thy woluiſh viſage, thou shalt find that ile resume the ſhape, which thou doſt thinke I haue caſt off for euer, thou shalt I warrant thee.

Gon. Doe you marke that my Lord?

Duke. I cannot bee ſo partiall *Gonorill* to the great loue I beare you,

Gon. Come ſir no more, you, more knaue then foole, after your maſter?

Foole. Nunckle *Lear*, Nunckle *Lear*, tary and take the foole with a fox when one has caught her, and ſuch a daughter ſhould ſure to the ſlaughter, if my cap would buy a halter, ſo the foole followes after.

Gon. What *Oſwald*, ho. *Oſwald.* Here Madam.

Gon. What haue you writ this letter to my ſiſter?

Oſw. Yes Madam.

iv.

Blaſtes and Fogges vpon thee:
 Th'vntented woundings of a Fathers curſe
 Pierce euerie ſenſe about thee. Old fond eyes,
 Beweepe this cauſe againe, Ile plucke ye out,
 And caſt you with the waters that you looſe
 To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be ſo.
 I haue another daughter,
 Who I am ſure is kinde and comfortable:
 When ſhe ſhall heare this of thee, with her nailes
 330 Shee'l ſea thy Woluifh viſage. Thou ſhalt finde,
 That Ile reſume the ſhape which thou doſt thinke
 I haue caſt off for euer.

Exit

Gon. Do you marke that?

Alb. I cannot be ſo partiall *Gonerill*,
 To the great loue I beare you.

Gon. Pray you content. What *Oſwald*, hoa?
 You Sir, more Knaue then Foole, after your Maſter.

Foole. Nunkle *Lear*, Nunkle *Lear*,
 Tarry, take the Foole with thee:

340 A Fox, when one has caught her,
 And ſuch a Daughter,
 Should ſure to the Slaughte,
 If my Cap would buy a Halter,
 So the Foole followes after.

Exit

Gon. This man hath had good Counſell,
 A hundred Knights?

'Tis politike, and fafe to let him keepe
 At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dreame,
 Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, diflike,
 He may enguard his dotage with their powres,
 350 And hold our liues in mercy. *Oſwald*, I ſay.

Alb. Well, you may feare too farre.

Gon. Safer then truſt too farre;
 Let me ſtill take away the harmes I feare,
 Not feare ſtill to be taken. I know his heart,
 What he hath vtter'd I haue writ my Siſter:
 If ſhe ſuſtaine him, and his hundred Knights
 When I haue ſhew'd th'vnfitneſſe.

Enter Steward.

How now *Oſwald*?

What haue you writ that Letter to my Siſter?

Stew. I Madam.

I. iv.

360

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse, informe her full of my particular feares, and thereto add such reasons of your owne, as may compact it more, get you gon, & haften your returne now my Lord, this milkie gentlenes and course of yours though I dislike not, yet vnder pardon y'are much more attaskt for want of wifedome, then praise for harmfull mildnes.

Duke. How farre your eyes may pearce I cannot tell, striving to better ought, we marre whats well.

370

Gon. Nay then. *Duke.* Well, well, the euent, *Exeunt*

I. v.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Goe you before to *Gloster* with these letters, acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the letter, if your diligence be not speedie, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered your letter. *Exit.* [2^d]

Foole. If a mans braines where in his heeles, wert not in danger of kibes! *Lear.* I boy.

Foole. Then I prethe be mery, thy wit shall nere goe flipfhod.

Lear. Ha ha ha.

Foole. Shalt see thy other daughter will vse thee kindly, for though shees as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I con, what I can tel.

Lear. Why what canst thou tell my boy?

Foole. Sheel taft as like this, as a crab doth to a crab, thou
20 canst not tell why ones nose stande in the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why, to keep his eyes on either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, a may spie into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Canst tell how an Oyfter makes his shell. *Lear.* No.

iv.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse,
360 Informe her full of my particular feare,
And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your returne; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours
Though I condemne not, yet vnder pardon
Your are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Then prais'd for harmefull mildness.

[290a

Alb. How farre your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striuing to better, oft we marre what's well.

370 *Gon.* Nay then ——

Alb. Well, well, the'uent.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

v.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloster* with these Letters;
acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you
know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter,
if your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore
you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered
your Letter. *Exit.*

Foole. If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in
danger of kybes?

10 *Lear.* I Boy.

Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go
flip-fhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Foole. Shalt see thy other Daughter will vse thee kind-
ly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an
Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can't tell Boy?

20 *Foole.* She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a
Crab: thou canst tell why ones nose stands i'th'middle
on's face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's nose,
that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

I. v.

30 *Foole.* Nor I neither, but I can tell why a fayne has a house.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why, to put his head in, not to giue it away to his daughter, and leaue his hornes without a cafe.

Lear. I will forget my nature, fo kind a father; be my hornes readie:

Foole. Thy Affes are gone about them; the reason why the feuen starres are no more then feuen, is a prettie reason.

40 *Lear.* Because they are not eight.

Foole. Yes thou wouldst make a good foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce, Monster, ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my foole Nunckle, id'e haue thee beatē for being old before thy time.

Lear. Hows that?

Foole. Thou shouldst not haue beene old, before thou hadst beene wife.

50 *Lear.* O let me not be mad sweet heauen! I would not be mad, keepe me in temper, I would not be mad, are the hornes readie?

Seruant. Readie my Lord. *Lear.* Come boy. *Exit.*

Foole. Shee that is maide now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maide long, except things be cut shorter. *Exit*

II. i.

Enter Bast. and Curan meeting.

Bast. Saue thee *Curan.*

Curan. And you Sir, I haue beene with your father, and giuen him notice, that the Duke of *Cornwall* and his Dutches will bee here with him to night. [2

Bast. How comes that?

Curan. Nay, I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad, I meane the whiperd ones, for there are yet but eare-buffing arguments.

10 *Bast.* Not, I pray you what are they?

Curan. Haue you heard of no likely warres towards, twixt the two Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany*?

Bast. Not a word.

v.

30 *Foole.* Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's
a houle.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his
daughters, and leaue his hornes without a cafe.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be
my Horffes ready?

Foole. Thy Affes are gone about 'em; the reafon why
the feuen Starres are no mo then feuen, is a pretty reafon.

40 *Lear.* Becaufe they are not eight.

Foole. Yes indeed, thou would'ft make a good Foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monfter Ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, Il'd haue thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou shouldft not haue bin old, till thou hadft
bin wife.

50 *Lear.* O let me not be mad, not mad fweet Heauen:
keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are
the Horfes ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Fool. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departur^e,
Shall not be a Maid long, vnleffe things be cut fhorter.

[290b

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

I. i.

Enter Bastard, and Curan, feuerally.

Baft. Saue thee *Curan.*

Cur. And your Sir, I haue bin

With your Father, and giuen him notice

That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Ducheffe

Will be here with him this night.

Baft. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes a-
broad, I meane the whifper'd ones, for they are yet but
eare-kiffing arguments.

10 *Baft.* Not I: pray you what are they?

Cur. Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany*?

Baft. Not a word.

II. i.

Curan. You may then in time, fare you well fir.

Bast. The Duke be here to night! the better best, this weaues
Enter Edgar it selfe perforce into my busines, my father hath set gard to take
 20 my brother, and I haue one thing of a queisse question, which
 must aske breefnes and fortune helpe; brother, a word, discend
 brother I say, my father watches, O fie this place, intelligence
 is giuen where you are hid, you haue now the good aduantage
 of the night, haue you not spoken gainst the Duke of *Cornwall*
 ought, hee's coming hether now in the night, it'h haft, and *Re-*
gan with him, haue you nothing said vpon his partie against the
 Duke of *Albany*, aduise your —

Edg. I am sure on't not a word.

30 *Bast.* I heare my father coming, pardon me in crauing, I must
 draw my sword vpon you, seeme to defend your selfe, now quit
 you well, yeeld, come before my father, light here, here, fie
 brother fie, torches, torches, so farwell; some bloud drawne
 on mee would beget opinion of my more fierce indeuour, I
 haue seene drunckards doe more then this in sport, father, father,
 stop, stop, no, helpe! *Enter Glost.*

Glost. Now *Edmund* where is the villaine!

40 *Bast.* Here stood he in the darke, his sharpe sword out, warb-
 ling of wicked charms, coniuring the Moone to stand's auspici-
 ous Miftris. *Glost.* But where is he?

Bast. Looke fir, I bleed.*Glost.* Where is the villaine *Edmund*?*Bast.* Fled this way fir, when by no meanes he could —

[25

Glost. Pursue him, go after, by no meanes, what?

Bast. Perswade me to the murder of your Lordship, but that
 I told him the reuengue Gods, gainst *Paracides* did all their
 thunders bend, spoke with how many fould and strong a bond
 50 the child was bound to the father, fir in a fine, seeing how loath-

i.

Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well Sir.

Exit.

Bast. The Duke be here to night? The better best,
This weaves it selfe perforce into my businesse,
My Father hath set guard to take my Brother,
And I haue one thing of a queazie question
20 Which I must act, Briefenesse, and Fortune worke.

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, discend; Brother I say,
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;
You haue now the good aduantage of the night,
Haue you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornwall*?
Hee's comming hither, now i'th'night, i'th'haite,
And *Regan* with him, haue you nothing said
Vpon his partie 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?
Aduise your selfe.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

30 *Bast.* I heare my Father comming, pardon me:
In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you:
Draw, seeme to defend your selfe,
Now quit you well.
Yeeld, come before my Father, light hoa, here,
Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, so farewell.

Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeaour. I haue seene drunkards
Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,
Stop, stop, no helpe?

Enter Gloster, and Seruants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?

40 *Bast.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moone
To stand auspicious Miftris.

Glo. But where is he?

Bast. Looke Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villaine, *Edmund*?

Bast. Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could.

Glo. Pursue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?

Bast. Perfwade me to the murther of your Lordship,
But that I told him the reuenging Gods,
'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond

[291a

II. i.

ly opposite I stood, to his vnnaturall purpose, with fell motion with his prepared sword, hee charges home my vnprovidid body, lancht mine arme, but when he saw my best alarumd spirits, bould in the quarrels, rights, rould to the encounter, or whether gaffed by the noyfe I made, but sodainly he fled.

Gloft. Let him flie farre, not in this land shall hee remaine vn-
60 caught and found, dispatch, the noble Duke my maister, my worthy Arch and Patron, comes to night, by his authoritie I will proclaime it, that he which finds him shall deserue our thankes, bringing the murderous caytife to the stake, hee that conceals him, death.

Bast. When I diffwaded him from his intent, and found him
70 pight to doe it, with curst speech I threatned to discouer him, he replied, thou vnpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke, if I would stand against thee, could the reposeure of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee make thy words fayth'd? no: what I should denie, as this I would, I, though thou didst produce my very character, id'e turne it all to thy suggestion, plot, and damned pretence, and thou must make a dullard of the world, if they not thought the profits of my death, were very pregnant and potentiall spurres to make thee seeke it.

80 *Gloft.* Strong and fastned villaine, would he denie his letter, I neuer got him, harke the Dukes trumpets, I know not why he comes, all Ports ile barre, the villaine shall not scape, the Duke must grant mee that, besides, his picture I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome may haue note of him, and of my land loyall and naturall boy, ile worke the meanes to make thee capable.

Enter the Duke of Cornwall.

Corn. How now my noble friend, since I came hether, which I can call but now, I haue heard strange newes.

i.

50 The Child was bound to'th'Father; Sir in fine,
 Seeing how lothly oppofite I ftood
 To his vnnaturall purpofe, in fell motion
 With his prepared Sword, he charges home
 My vnprovided body, latch'd mine arme;
 And when he faw my beft alarum'd fpirits
 Bold in the quarrels right, rouz'd to th'encounter,
 Or whether gaffed by the noyfe I made,
 Full fodainely he fled.

Gloft. Let him fly farre:

Not in this Land fhall he remaine vncaught
 60 And found; difpatch, the Noble Duke my Mafter,
 My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
 By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
 That he which finds him fhall deferue our thanks,
 Bringing the murderous Coward to the ftake:
 He that conceales him death.

Baft. When I diffwaded him from his intent,
 And found him pight to doe it, with curft fpeech
 I threaten'd to difcouer him; he replied,
 Thou vnpooffeffing Baftard, doft thou thinke,
 70 If I would ftand againft thee, would the repofall
 Of any truft, vertue, or worth in thee
 Make thy words faith'd? No, what fhould I denie,
 (As this I would, though thou didft produce
 My very Character) I'd turne it all
 To thy fuggeltion, plot, and damned practife:
 And thou muft make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potentiall fpirits
 To make thee feeke it.

Tucket within.

Glo. O ftrange and faftned Villaine,
 80 Would he deny his Letter, faid he?
 Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes;
 All Ports Ile barre, the villaine fhall not fcape,
 The Duke muft grant me that: befides, his picture
 I will fend farre and neere, that all the kingdome
 May haue due note of him, and of my land,
 (Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes
 To make thee capable.

Enter Cornewall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, fince I came hither
 (Which I can call but now,) I haue heard strangeneffe.

II. i.

90 *Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too fhort which can
purfue the offender, how doft my Lord? [26

Gloft. Madam my old heart is crackt, is crackt.

Reg. What, did my fathers godfon feeke your life? he whom
my father named your *Edgar*?

Gloft. I Ladie, Ladie, fhame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the ryotous knights, that
tends vpon my father?

Gloft. I know not Madam, tis too bad, too bad.

Bast. Yes Madam, he was.

100 *Reg.* No maruaile then though he were ill affected,
Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue the waft and fpoyle of his reuenues:
I haue this present euening from my fifter,
Beene well inform'd of them, and with fuch cautions,
That if they come to fojourne at my houfe, ile not be there.

Duke. Nor I, affure thee *Regan*; *Edmund*, I heard that you
haue fhewen your father a child-like office.

Bast. Twas my dutie Sir.

110 *Gloft.* He did betray his practife, and receiued
This hurt you fee, ftriuing to apprehend him.

Duke. Is he purfued? *Gloft.* I my good Lord.

Duke. If he be taken, he fhall neuer more be feard of doing
harne, make your own purpofe how in my ftrength you pleafe,
for you *Edmund*, whose vertue and obedience, doth this instant
fo much commend it felfe, you fhall bee ours, natures of fuch
deepe truft, we fhall much need you, we firft feaze on.

Bast. I fhall ferue you truly, how euer elfe.

Gloft. For him I thanke your grace.

120 *Duke.* You know not why we came to vifit you?

Regan. Thus out of feafon, threatning darke ey'd night,
Ocafions noble *Glofter* of fome poyle,
Wherein we muft haue vfe of your aduife,
Our Father he hath writ, fo hath our fifter,
Of diferences, which I left thought it fit,
To anfwer from our home, the feueral meffengers
From hence attend difpatch, our good old friend,

II. i.

90 *Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th'offender; how dost my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Fathers Godfonne seeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended vpon my Father?

Glo. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Bast. Yes Madam, he was of that comfort.

100 *Reg.* No maruaile then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue th'expence and waft of his Reuenues:
I haue this present euening from my Sister
Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourne at my house,
He not be there.

Cor. Nor I assure thee *Regan*;

Edmund, I heare that you haue shewne yout Father
A Child-like Office.

[291b

Bast. It was my duty Sir.

110 *Glo.* He did bewray his practise, and recein'd
This hurt you see, struing to apprehend him.

Cor. Is he pursued?

Glo. I my good Lord.

Cor. If he be taken, he shall neuer more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,
How in my strength you please: for you *Edmund*,
Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,
Nature's of such deepe trust, we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Bast. I shall serue you Sir truly, how euer else.

Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.

120 *Cor.* You know not why we came to visit you?

Reg. Thus out of season, thredding darke ey'd night,
Occasions Noble *Gloster* of some prize,
Wherein we must haue vse of your aduise.
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the seuerall Messengers
From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,

II. i.

Lay comforts to your bosome, & bestow your needfull counsell
 180 To our busines, which craues the infant vsf. *(Exeunt.*

Gloft. I ferue you Madam, your Graces are right welcome. [27

II. ii.

Enter Kent, and Steward.

Steward. Good euen to thee friend, art of the houle?

Kent. I. *Stew.* Where may we set our horses?

Kent. It'h mire. *Stew.* Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not. *Stew.* Why then I care not for thee.

10 *Kent.* If I had thee in Lipfburie pinfold, I would make thee
 care for mee.

Stew. Why doft thou vsf me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What doft thou know me for?

Kent. A knaue, a rascall, an eater of broken meates, a bafe,
 proud, fhallow, beggerly, three shewted hundred pound, filthy
 worsted-ftocken knaue, a lilly lyuer'd action taking knaue, a
 20 whorfon glaffegazing superfinicall rogue, one truncke inheri-
 ting flaue, one that would't bee a baud in way of good seruice,
 and art nothing but the composition of a knaue, begger, cow-
 ard, pander, and the sonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom
 I will beat into clamorous whyning, if thou denie the leaft filla-
 ble of the addition.

Stew. What a monstros fellow art thou, thus to raile on one,
 that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

30 *Kent.* What a brazen fac't varlet art thou, to deny thou
 knowest mee, is it two dayes agoe since I beat thee, and tript vp
 thy heeles before the King? draw you rogue, for though it be
 night the Moone shines, ile make a fop of the moone-shine a'you,
 draw you whorfon cullyonly barber-munger, draw?

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to doe with thee.

Kent. Draw you rascall, you bring letters against the King,
 40 and take Vanitie the puppets part, against the royaltie of her

II. i.

Lay comforts to your bofome, and beftow
Your needfull counfaile to our bufineffes,

180 Which craues the infant vfe.

Glo. I ferue you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome.

Exeunt. Flourifh.

Scena Secunda.

II. ii.

Enter Kent, aad Steward feuerally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this houfe?

Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we fet our horfes?

Kent. I'th'myre.

Stew. Prythee, if thou lou'ft me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Ste. Why then I care not for thee.

10 *Kent.* If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfeld, I would make
thee care for me.

Ste. Why do'ft thou vfe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Ste. What do'ft thou know me for?

Kent. A Knaue, a Rascal, an eater of broken meates, a
bafe, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-fuited-hundred
pound, filthy woofsted-stocking knaue, a Lilly-liuered,
action-taking, whorefon glaffe-gazing super-feruiceable
20 finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting flauie, one that
would'ft be a Baud in way of good feruice, and art no-
thing but the composition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch,
one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou
deny'ft the leaft fillable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monftrous Fellow art thou, thus
to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor
knowes thee?

30 *Kent.* What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny
thou knoweft me? Is it two dayes fince I tript vp thy
heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue,
for though it be night, yet the Moone fhines, Ile make a
fop oth' Moonfhine of you, you whorefon Cullyenly
Barber-monger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

40 *Kent.* Draw you Rascal, you come with Letters a-
gainft the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, a-

[292a

II. ii.

father, draw you rogue or ile fo carbonado your shankes, draw you rascal, come your wayes.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you slaue, stand rogue, stand you neate slaue, strike?
Stew. Helpe ho, murther, helpe.

Enter Edmund with his rapier drawne, Gloster the Duke and Dutcheffe.

Bast. How now, whats the matter?

Kent. With you goodman boy, and you please come, ile feash you, come on yong maister. [2

50 *Gloft.* Weapons, armes, whats the matter here?

Duke. Keepe peace vpon your liues, hee dies that strikes againe, what's the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sifter, and the King.

Duke. Whats your difference, speake!

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

60 *Kent.* No maruaile you haue fo bestir'd your valour, you cowardly rascal, nature disclaimes in thee, a Tayler made thee.

Duke. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man.

Kent. I, a Tayler fir; a Stone-cutter, or a Painter could not haue made him fo ill, though hee had beene but two houres at the trade.

Gloft. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient ruffen fir, whose life I haue spar'd at fute of his gray-beard.

70 *Kent.* Thou whorfon Zedd, thou vnneecessarie letter, my Lord if you'l giue mee leaue, I will tread this vnbovlted villaine into mortar, and daube the walles of a iaques with him, spare my gray beard you wagtayle.

Duke. Peace fir, you beaftly Knaue you haue no reuerence.

Kent. Yes fir, but anger has a priuledge.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

80 *Kent.* That such a slaue as this should weare a sword, That weares no honesty, such smiling roges as these, Like Rats oft bite those cordes in twaine, Which are to intrench, to inloofe smooth euery passion That in the natures of their Lords rebell, Bring oyle to stir, snow to their colder-moods, Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes

ii.

gainst the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or
He so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascall, come
your waies.

Ste. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you flauē: stand rogue, stand you neat
flauē, strike.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, murther.

Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.

Bast. How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you please, come,
He flesh ye, come on yong Maister.

50 *Glo.* Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Cor. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes
againē, what is the matter?

Reg. The Messengers from our Sifter, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

60 *Kent.* No Maruell, you haue so bestir'd your valour,
you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee: a Taylor
made thee.

Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could
not haue made him so ill, though they had bin but two
yeares oth'trade.

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Ste. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I haue spar'd
at sute of his gray-beard.

70 *Kent.* Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnneccessary letter:
my Lord, if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vn-
boulded villaine into mortar, and daube the wall of a
lakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Cor. Peace firrah,

You beastly knaue, know you no reuerence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.

Cor. Why art thou angrie?

80 *Kent.* That such a flauē as this should weare a Sword,
Who weares no honesty: such smiling rogues as these,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine,
Which are t'intrince, t'vnloofe: smoothe euery passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moods,
Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes

II. ii.

With every gale and varie of their maisters, (epeliptick
 Knowing nought like dayes but following, a plague vpon your
 Vifage, fmoyle you my fpeeches, as I were a foole:
 Goofe and I had you vpon Sarum plaine,
 90 Id'e fend you cackling home to Camulet.,

Duke. What art thou mad old fellow:

Gloft. How fell you out, fay that:

Kent. No contraries hold more, antipathy;
 Then I and fuch a knaue.

[29]

Duke. Why doft thou call him knaue, what's his offence.

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Duke. No more perchance does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir tis my occupation to be plaine,
 I haue feene better faces in my time
 100 That ftands on any fhoulder that I fee
 Before me at this infant.

Duke. This is a fellow who hauing beene prayfd
 For bluntnes doth affect a fawcy ruffines,
 And conftaines the garb quite from his nature,
 He cannot flatter he, he muft be plaine,
 He muft fpeake truth, and they will tak't fo,
 If not he's plaine, thefe kind of knaues I know
 Which in this plainnes harbour more craft,
 And more corrupter ends, then twentie filly ducking
 110 Obferuants, that ftretch their duties nifely.

Kent. Sir in good footh, or in fincere veritie,
 Vnder the allowance of your graund aspect.
 Whofe influence like the wreath of radiant fire
 In fitkering *Phæbus* front.

Duke. What mean'ft thou by this?

Kent. To goe out of my dialogue which you difcommend fo
 much, I know fir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain
 accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I will not bee,
 120 though I fhould win your difpleafure, to intreat mee too't.

Duke. What's the offence you gaue him?

Stew. I neuer gaue him any, it pleas'd the King his maifter
 Very late to ftrike at me vpon his mifconfttruction,

When he coniunct and flattering his difpleafure

. ii.

With euery gall, and varry of their Mafters,
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:

A plague vpon your Epilepticke vilage,
Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Foole?
Goofe, if I had you vpon *Sarum* Plaine,

90 I'd driue ye cackling hōme to *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Gloft. How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I, and fuch a knaue.

Corn. Why do'ft thou call him Knaue?

What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,

I haue seene better faces in my time,

100 Then stands on any shoulder that I see

[292b

Before me, at this instant.

Corn. This is some Fellow,

Who hauing beene prais'd for bluntneffe, doth affect

A faucy roughnes, and conftaines the garb

Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,

An honest mind and plaine, he muft speake truth,

And they will take it fo, if not, hee's plaine.

These kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainneffe

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,

Then twenty filly-ducking obferuants,

110 That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,

Vnder th'allowance of your great aspect,

Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire

On flicking *Phæbus* front.

Corn. What mean'ft by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you difcom-

mend fo much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be-

guild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which

for my part I will not be, though I should win your

120 difpleasure to entreat me too't.

Corn. What was th'offence you gaue him?

Ste. I neuer gaue him any:

It pleas'd the King his Mafter very late

To strike at me vpon his mifconftuction,

When he compact, and flattering his difpleasure

II. ii.

Tript me behind, being downe, infulted, rayld,
 And put vpon him fuch a deale of man, that,
 That worthied him, got prayfes of the King,
 For him attempting who was felfe fubdued,
 130 And in the flechuent of this dread exploit,
 Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of thefe roges & cowards but *A'Iax* is their foole.

Duke. Bring forth the stockes ho? [30

You ftubburne mifcreant knaue, you reuerent bragart,
 Weele teach you.

Kent. I am too old to learne, call not your stockes for me,
 I ferue the King, on whole imployments I was fent to you,

You fhould doe fmall refpect, fhew too bold malice
 Againft the Grace and perfon of my maifter,
 Stopping his meffenger.

140 *Duke.* Fetch forth the stockes? as I haue life and honour,
 There fhall he fit till noone.

Reg. Till noone, till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your fathers dogge, you could
 not vfe me fo.

Reg. Sir being his knaue, I will.

Duke. This is a fellow of the felfe fame nature,
 Our fifter fpeake of, come bring away the stockes?

Gloft. Let me befeech your Grace not to doe fo,

150 { His fault is much, and the good King his maifter
 VVill check him for't, your purpofte low correction
 Is fuch, as bafeft and temneft wretches for pilfrings
 And moft common trespaffes are punifht with,
 The King muft take it ill, that hee's fo flightly valued
 In his meffenger, fhould haue him thus reftained.

Duke. Ile anfwer that.

Reg. My fifter may receive it much more worfe,
 To haue her Gentlemen abus'd, affalted
 For following her affaires, put in his legges,
 Come my good Lord away?

160 *Gloft.* I am fory for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleasure,
 VVhose difpofition all the world well knowes
 VVill not be rubd nor ftopt, ile intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray you doe not fir, I haue watcht and trauailld
 Sometime I fhall fleepe ont, the reft ile whistle, (hard,
 A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,
 Giue you good morrow.

i.

Tript me behind: being downe, infulted, rail'd,
And put vpon him such a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praifes of the King,
For him attempting, who was felfe-fubdued,
10 And in the fleshment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards
But *Aiax* is there Foole.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks?
You stubborne ancient Knaue, you reuerent Bragart,
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:
Call not your Stocks for me, I serue the King.
On whose imployment I was sent to you,
You shall doe small respects, shew too bold malice
Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,
Stocking his Messenger.

10 *Corn.* Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I haue life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.

Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You should not vse me so.

Reg. Sir, being his Knaue, I will. *Stocks brought out.*

Cor. This is a Fellow of the felfe fame colour,
Our Sister speakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so,
The King his Master, needs must take it ill
That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,
Should haue him thus restrained.

Cor. Ile answere that.

Reg. My Sister may recieue it much more worffe,
To haue her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.

Corn. Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

80 *Glo.* I am forry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke pleasure,
Whose disposition all the world well knowes
Will not be rub'd nor stopt, Ile entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and traueil'd hard,
Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile whistle:
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:
Giue you good morrow.

II. ii.

Gloſt. The Dukes to blame in this, twill be ill tooke.

Kent. Good King that muſt approue the cōmon ſaw,
Thou out of heauens benediction comeſt
To the warme Sunne.

[31

170 Approach thou beacon to this vnder gloabe,
That by thy comfortable beames I may
Peruſe this letter, nothing almoſt ſees my wracke
But miſerie, I know tis from *Cordelia*,
VVho hath moſt fortunately bin informed
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall find time
From this enormious ſtate, ſeeking to giue
Loffes their remedies, all wearie and ouerwatch
Take vantage heaueie eyes not to behold
180 This ſhamefull lodging, Fortune goodnight,
Smile, once more turne thy wheele. *ſleepes.*

II. iii.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heare my ſelfe proclaim'd,
And by the happie hollow of a tree
Eſcapt the hunt, no Port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt vnufuall vigilence
Doſt not attend my taking while I may ſcape,
I will preferue my ſelfe, and am bethought
To take the baſeft and moſt pooreſt ſhape,
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neare to beaſt, my face ile grime with filth,
10 Blanket my loynes, elſe all my haire with knots,
And with preſented nakednes outface,
The wind, and perfecution of the ſkie,
The Countrie giues me prooffe and preſident
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roring voyces,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare armes,
Pins, wodden prickes, nayles, ſprigs of roſemary,
And with this horrible obiect from low ſeruiſe,
Poore pelting villages, ſheep-coates, and milles,
Sometime with lunaticke bans, ſometime with prayers
20 Enforce their charitie, poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
That's ſomething yet, *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit*

II. iv.

Enter King.

Lear. Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from
And not ſend backe my meſſenger. (hence,

Knight. As I learn'd, the night before there was
No purpoſe of his remoue.

[32

ii.

Glo. The Duke's too blamein this,
'Twill be ill taken. *Exit.*

Kent. Good King, that muft approve the common law,
Thou out of Heauens benediction com'ft
To the warme Sun.

170 Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beames I may
Perufe this Letter. Nothing almoft fees miracles
But miferie. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moft fortunately beene inform'd
Of my obscured courfe. And fhall finde time
From this enormous State, seeking to giue
Loffes their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,
Take vantage heaue eyes, not to behold
180 This fhamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

iii.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my felfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Efcap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and moft vnufall vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may fcape
I will preferue myfelfe: and am bethought
To take the bafeft, and moft pooreft fhape
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beaft; my face Ile grime with filth,
10 Blanket my loines, elfe all my haire in knots,
And with prefented nakedneffe out-face
The Windes, and perfecutions of the skie;
The Country giues me prooffe, and prefident
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes,
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rofemarie:
And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes,
Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, fometime with Praiers
20 Inforce their charitie: poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
That's fomewhat yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

iv.

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lea. 'Tis ftrange that they fhould fo depart from home,
And not fend backe my Meffengers.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpofe in them
Of this remoue.

II. iv.

Kent. Hayle to thee noble maifter.*Lear.* How, mak'ft thou this fflame thy pafstime?

Foole. Ha ha, looke he weares crewell garters,
 Horfes are tide by the heeles, dogges and beares
 Byt'h necke, munkies bit'h loynes, and men
 10 Byt'h legges, when a mans ouer lufly at legs,
 Then he weares wooden neatherftockes.

Lear. Whats he, that hath fo much thy place miftooke to fet thee here?*Kent.* It is both he and fhee, your fonne & daughter.*Lear.* No. *Kent.* Yes.*Lear.* No I fay, *Kent.* I fay yea.20 *Lear.* No no, they would not. *Kent.* Yes they haue.

Lear. By *Iupiter* I fweare no, they durft not do't,
 They would not, could not do't, tis worfe then murder,
 To doe vpon respect fuch violent outrage,
 Refolue me with all modeft haft, which way
 Thou may'ft deferue, or they purpofe this vfage,
 Coming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
 I did commend your highnes letters to them,
 Ere I was rifen from the place that fhewed
 30 My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poft,
 Stewd in his haft, halfe breathles, panting forth
 From *Gonorill* his miftris, falutations,
 Deliuered letters fpite of intermiffion,
 Which prefently they read, on whose contents
 They fummond vp their men, ftraight tooke horfe,
 Commanded me to follow, and attend the leafure
 Of their anfwere, gaue me cold lookes,
 And meeting here the other meffenger,
 Whofe welcome I perceau'd had poyfon'd mine,
 40 Being the very fellow that of late
 Difplay'd fo fawcily againft your Highnes,
 Hauing more man then wit, about me drew,
 He raifed the houfe with loud and coward cries,

.iv.

Kent. Haile to thee Noble Maſter.

Lear. Ha? Mak'ſt thou this flame ahy paſtime?

Kent. No my Lord.

Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horſes are
tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares by'th'necke,
10 Monkieſ by'th'loynes, and Men by'th'legs: when a man
ouerluſtie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-ftocks.

Lear. What's he,
That hath ſo much thy place miſtooke
To ſet thee heere?

Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your Son, and Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No I ſay.

Kent. I ſay yea.

Lear. By *Iupiter* I ſweare no.

Kent. By *Iuuo*, I ſweare I.

[293b

Lear. They durſt not do't:
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worſe then murther,
To do vpon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:
Reſolue me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerue, or they impoſe this vſage,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneſſe Letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place, that ſhewed
30 My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poſte,
Stew'd in his haſte, halfe breathleſſe, painting forth
From *Gonerill* his Miſtris, ſalutations;
Deliu'er'd Letters ſpight of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read; on thoſe contents
They ſummon'd vp their meiney, ſtraight tooke Horſe,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceiu'd had poiſon'd mine,
40 Being the very fellow which of late
Diſplaid ſo ſawcily againſt your Highneſſe,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the houſe, with loud and coward cries,

II. iv.

Your sonne and daughter found this trespas worth
This shame which here it suffers.

[33

Lear. O how this mother fwels vp toward my hart,
Historica passio downe thou climing forrow,
Thy element's below, where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earle fir within,

60 *Lear.* Follow me not, stay there?

Knight. Made you no more offēce then what you speake of?

Kent. No, how chance the King comes with so small a traine?

Foole. And thou hadst beene set in the stockes for that questi-
on, thou ha'dst well deserued it.

Kent. Why foole?

70 *Foole.* Weele set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's
no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noses, are led by
their eyes, but blind men, and ther's not a nose among a 100. but
can smell him thats fincking, let goe thy hold when a great
wheele runs downe a hill, leaft it breake thy necke with follow-
ing it, but the great one that goes vp the hill, let him draw thee
after, when a wife man giues thee better councill, giue mee mine
again, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a foole
giues it.

80 That Sir that serues for gaine,
And followes but for forme:
Will packe when it begin to raine,
And leaue thee in the storme.
But I will tarie, the foole will stay,
And let the wife man flie:
The knaue turnes foole that runs away,
The foole no knaue perdy

Kent. Where learnt you this foole?

Foole. Not in the stockes.

Enter Lear and Gloster.

Lear. Denie to speake with mee, th'are ficke, th'are
(weary,

iv.

Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespaffe worth
The shame which heere it suffers. (way,

Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geese fly that
Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,
50 But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth' poore.
But for all this thou shalt haue as many Dolors for thy
Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare.

Lear. O how this Mother swels vp toward my heart!
Historica passio, downe thou climbing sorrow,
Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?

Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within.

60 *Lear.* Follow me not, stay here. *Exit.*

Gen. Made you no more offence,
But what you speake of?

Kent. None:

How chance the the King comes with so small a number?

Foole. And thou hadst bene set i'th'Stockes for that
question, thoud'ft well deferu'd it.

Kent. Why Foole?

70 *Foole.* Wee'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach
thee ther's no labouring i'th'winter. All that follow their
noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's
not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stink-
ing; let go thy hold, when a great wheele runs downe a
hill, leaft it breake thy necke with following. But the
great one that goes vpward, let him draw thee after:
when a wifeman giues thee better counsell giue me mine
againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a
Foole giues it.

80 That Sir, which serues and seekes for gaine,
And followes but for forme;
Will packe, when it begins to raine,
And leaue thee in the storme,
But I will tarry, the Foole will stay,
And let the wifeman flie:
The knaue turnes Foole that runnes away,
The Foole no knaue perdie.

Enter Lear, and Gloster:

Kent. Where learn'd you this Foole?

Foole. Not i'th'Stockes Foole.

Lear. Deny to speake with me?
They are sicke, they are weary,

[294a

II. iv.

90 They traueled hard to night, meare Iustice,
I the Images of reuolt and flying off,
Fetch mee a better answere.

Gloſt. My deere Lord, you know the ferie qualitie of the
Duke, how vnremoueable and fixt he is in his owne Courſe.

Lear. Vengeance, death, plague, confuſion, what ferie quality,
why *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*, id'e ſpeake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and [34
his wife.

Gloſt. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would ſpeake with *Cornewal*, the deare father

Would with his daughter ſpeake, commands her ſeruice,

Fierie Duke, tell the hot Duke that *Lear*,
No but not yet may be he is not well,
Infirmities doth ſtill neglect all office, where to our health
Is bound, we are not our ſelues, when nature being opreſt
110 Cōmand the mind to ſuffer with the bodie, ile forbear,

And am fallen out with my more hedier will,
To take the indifpoſ'd and ſickly fit, for the ſound man,
Death on my ſtate, wherfore ſhould he fit here?
This act perſwades me, that this remotion of the Duke
Is practiſe, only giue me my ſeruant forth, (& her

Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile ſpeake with them
Now preſently, bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore ile beat the drum,
120 Till it cry ſleepe to death.

Gloſt. I would haue all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart, my heart.

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cokney did to the eeles, when
ſhe put vm ith paſt aliuie, ſhe rapt vm ath coxcombs with a ſtick,
and cryed downe wantons downe, twas her brother, that in pure
kindnes to his horſe buttered his hay.

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Duke. Hayle to your Grace.

[. iv.

90 They haue trauail'd all the night? meere fetches,
The images of reuolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How vnremoueable and fixt he is
In his owne courfe.

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion:
Fiery? What quality? Why *Glofter, Glofter,*
I'd fpeake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.

Glo. Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them fo.

100 *Lear.* Inform'd them? Do'ft thou vnderftand me man.

Glo. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would fpeake with *Cornwall*,

The deere Father

Would with his Daughter fpeake, commands, tends, fer-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (uice,
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that ——

No, but not yet, may be he is not well,

Infirmity doth ftill neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound, we are not our felues,

When Nature being opprest, commands the mind

110 To fuffer with the body; Ile forbear,

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and fickly fit,

For the found man. Death on my ftate: wherefore

Should he fit heere? This act perfwades me,

That this remotion of the Duke and her

Is practife only. Giue me my Seruant forth;

Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, Il'd fpeake with them:

Now, prefently: bid them come forth and heare me,

Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,

120 Till it crie fleepe to death.

Glo. I would haue all well betwixt you. *Exit.*

Lear. Oh me my heart! My rifing heart! But downe.

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the
Eeles, when ſhe put 'em i'th' Paſte aliuie, ſhe knapt 'em
o'th' coxcombs with a ſticke, and cryed downe wantons,
downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindneſſe to his
Horſe buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornewall, Regan, Glofter, Seruants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Haile to your Grace. *Kent here ſet at liberty.*

II. iv.

130 *Reg.* I am glad to see your highnes.

Lear. *Regan* I thinke you are, I know what reason
 I haue to thinke so, if thou shouldst not be glad,
 I would diuorfe me from thy mothers tombe
 Sepulchring an adultresse, yea are you free?
 Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
 Thy sifter is naught, oh *Regan* she hath tyed,
 Sharpe tooth'd vnkindnes, like a vulture heare,
 I can scarce speake to thee, thout not beleene,
 Of how deprived a qualitie, O *Regan*.

140 *Reg.* I pray fir take patience, I haue hope
 You leffe know how to value her desert,
 Then she to slacke her dutie.

Lear. My curffes on her.

Reg. O Sir you are old, (fine,
 150 Nature on you standes on the very verge of her con-
 You should be rul'd and led by some discretion,
 That discernes your state better thē you your selfe,
 Therefore I pray that to our sifter, you do make returne,
 Say you haue wrong'd her Sir?

Lear. Aske her forgiuenes,
 Doe you marke how this becomes the house,
 Deare daughter, I confesse that I am old,
 Age is vnneecessarie, on my knees I beg,
 That you'l vouchsafe me rayment, bed and food.

Reg. Good fir no more, these are vnflightly tricks,
 160 Returne you to my sifter.

Lear. No *Regan*,
 She hath abated me of halfe my traine,
 Lookt blacke vpon me, strooke mee with her tongue
 Most Serpent-like vpon the very heart, (top,
 All the stor'd vengeances of heauen fall on her ingratful
 Strike her yong bones, you taking ayrs with lamenes.

Duke. Fie fie fir.

You nimble lightnings dart your blinding flames,

. iv.

130 *Reg.* I am glad to see your Highnesse.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke your are. I know what reason
I haue to thinke so, if thou should'st not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adultresse. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy Sisters naught: oh *Regan*, she hath tied
Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindnesse, like a vulture heere,
I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not beleue
With how depraud a quality. Oh *Regan*.

140 *Reg.* I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope
You lesse know how to value her desert,
Then she to scant her dutie.

Lear. Say? How is that?

Reg. I cannot thinke my Sister in the least
Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She haue restrained the Riots of your Followres,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholefome end,
As cleeres her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old,

[294b

Nature in you stands on the very Verge
150 Of his confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discernes your state
Better then you your selfe: therefore I pray you,
That to our Sister, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her.

Lear. Aske her forgiuenesse?

Do you but marke how this becomes the house?
Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old;
Age is vnneccessary: on my knees I begge,
That you'l vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more: these are vnfightly trickes:
160 Returne you to my Sister.

Lear. Neuer *Regan*:

She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look'd blacke vpon me, strooke me with her Tongue
Most Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.
All the stor'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall
On her ingratefull top: strike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lamenesse.

Corn. Fye fir, fe.

Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames

II. iv.

Into her scornfull eyes, infect her beautie,
 You Fen suckt fogs, drawne by the powrefull Sunne,
 170 To fall and blaft her pride.

Reg. O the blest Gods, fo will you wifh on me,
 When the rafh mood ---

Lear. No *Regan*, thou fhalt neuer haue my curfe,
 The tēder hefted nature fhall not giue the or'e (burne
 To harfhnes, her eies are fierce, but thine do cōfort & not
 Tis not in thee to grudge my pleasures, to cut off my
 To bandy hafty words, to feant my fizes, (traîne,

And in conclufion, to oppofe the bolt
 180 Againft my coming in, thou better knoweft,
 The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
 Effects of curtefie, dues of gratitude,
 Thy halfe of the kingdome, haft thou not forgot
 Wherein I thee indow'd.

Reg. Good fir too'th purpofe.

Lear. Who put my man i'th ftokes?

Duke. What trumpets that? *Enter Steward.*

Reg. I know't my fifters, this approues her letters,
 That fhe would foone be here, is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a flauē, whole eafie borrowed pride
 Dwels in the fickie grace of her, a followes,

190 Out varlet, from my fight.

Duke. What meanes your Grace? *Enter Gon.*

Gon. Who ftruck my feruant, *Regan* I haue good hope
 Thou didft not know ant.

Lear. Who comes here? O heauens!
 If you doe loue old men, if you fweet fway allow
 Obedience, if your felues are old. make it your caufe,
 Send downe and take my part,
 Art not afham'd to looke vpon this beard?
 O *Regan* wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand fir, how haue I offendet?
 Als not offence that indifcretion finds,

200 And dotage tearmes fo.

Lear. O fides you are too tough,
 Will you yet hold? how came my man it'h ftokes?

I. iv.

Into her scornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-suck'd Fogges, drawne by the powrfull Sunne,
170 To fall, and blifter.

Reg. O the bleft Gods!

So will you wifh on me, when the rafh moode is on.

Lear. No *Regan*, thou fhalt neuer haue my curfe:
Thy tender-hefted Nature fhall not giue
Thee o're to harfhneffe: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy hafty words, to fcant my fizes,
And in conclufion, to oppofe the bolt
180 Againft my comming in. Thou better know'ft
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curtefie, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o'th'Kingdome haft thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to'th'purpose.

Tucket within.

Lear. Who put my man i'th'Stockes?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What Trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my Sifters: this approues her Letter,
That fhe would foone be heere. Is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a Slaue, whose eafie borrowed pride
Dwels in the fickly grace of her he followes.

190 Out Varlet, from my fight.

Corn. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who ftockt my Seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou did'ft not know on't.

Wo comes here? O Heauens!

If you do loue old men; if your fweet fway
Allow Obedience; if you your felues are old,
Make it your caufe: Send downe, and take my part.
Art not afham'd to looke vpon this Beard?

O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by'th'hand Sir? How haue I offended?
All's not offence that indifcretion findes,

200 And dotage termes fo.

Lear. O fides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold?

How came my man i'th'Stockes?

II. iv.

Duke. I set him there fir, but his owne diforders
Deferu'd much lesse aduancement,

Lear. You, did you?

Reg. I pray you father being weake seeme so,
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and soiorne with my sifter,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouision,
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

210 *Lear.* Returne to her, and fiftie men dismist,
No rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmitie of the Ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Woolfe and owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch, returne with her,
Why the hot blood in *France*, that dowerles
Tooke our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and Squire-like pension bag,
To keepe base life afoot, returne with her,
Perfwade me rather to be slaue and sumter
220 To this detested groome.

Gon. At your choise fir.

Lear. Now I prithee daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my child, farewell,
Wee'le no more meete, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that lies within my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine, thou art a bile,
A plague sore, an imbossed carbuncle in my
Corrupted blood, but Ile not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I doe not call it,
230 I doe not bid the thunder bearer shoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high Iudging *Ione*,
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leasure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so fir, I looke not for you yet,
Nor am prouided for your fit welcome,
Giue eare fir to my sifter, for those
That mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you are old, and so,
But she knowes what shee does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

240 *Reg.* I dare auouch it fir, what fiftie followers,

iv.

Corn. I fet him there, Sir: but his owne Diforders
Deferu'd much leffe aduancement.

[295a

Lear. You? Did you?

Reg. I pray you Father being weake, seeme fo.
If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will returne and soiourne with my Sifter,
Difmiffing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.

210 *Lear.* Returne to her? and fifty men difmifs'd?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse
To wage againft the enmity oth'ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-bloodied *France*, that dowerleffe tooke
Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?
Perfwade me rather to be flaue and fumpter
220 To this detefted groome.

Gon. At your choice Sir.

Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child: farewell:
Wee'l no more meete, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter,
Or rather a difeafe that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,
A plague fore, or imboffed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
230 I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-iudging *Ioue*,
Mend when thou can'ft, be better at thy leifure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether fo,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided
For your fit welcome, giue eare Sir to my Sifter,
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you old, and fo,
But she knowes what she doe's.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

240 *Reg.* I dare auouch it Sir, what fifty Followers?

II. iv.

Is it not well, what should you need of more,
 Yea or so many, sith that both charge and danger
 Speakes gainst so great a number, how in a house
 Should many people vnder two commands
 Hold anytie, tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you my Lord receiue attendāce
 From those that she calls seruants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my Lord: if then they chanc't to flacke you,

We could controwle them, if you will come to me,
 250 For now I spee a danger, I intreat you,
 To bring but fise and twentie, to no more
 Will I giue place or notice.

Lear. I gaue you all.

Reg. And in good time you gaue it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositearies,
 But kept a referuation to be followed
 With such a number, what, must I come to you
 With fise and twentie, *Regan* said you so?

Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.

Lea. Those wicked creatures yet do seem wel fauor'd
 260 When others are more wicked, not being the worst
 Stands in some ranke of prayfe, He goe with thee,
 Thy fifty yet doth double fise and twentie,
 And thou art twice her loue.

Gon. Heare me my Lord,

What need you fise and twentie, tenne, or fise,
 To follow in a house, where twife so many
 Haue a commaund to tend you.

Regan. What needes one?

Lear. O reason not the deed, our basest beggars,
 Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
 Allow not nature more then nature needes,
 270 Mans life as cheape as beasts, thou art a Lady,
 If onely to goe warme were gorgeous,
 Why nature needes not, what thou gorgeous wearest
 Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need,
 You heauens giue me that patience, patience I need,
 You see me here (you Gods) a poore old fellow,
 As full of greefe as age, wretched in both,
 If it be you that stirres these daughters hearts
 Against their Father, foole me not to much,
 To beare it lamely, touch me with noble anger,

iv.

Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speake 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people, vnder two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls Seruants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my Lord?

If then they chanc'd to flacke ye,
We could comptroll them; if you will come to me,
250 (For now I spie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but five and twentie, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.

Lear. I gaue you all.

Reg. And in good time you gaue it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositories,
But kept a reseruatiou to be followed
With such a number? What, must I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?

Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.

Lea. Those wicked Creatures yet do look wel fauor'd
260 When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some ranke of praise, He go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her Loue.

[295b

Gon. Heare me my Lord;

What need you five and twenty? Ten? Or five?
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Haue a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O reason not the need: our basest Beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:
270 Mans life is cheape as Beastes. Thou art a Lady;
If onely to go warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ft,
Which scarcely keeps thee warme, but for true need:
You Heauens, giue me that patience, patience I need,
You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,
As full of grieffe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts
Against their Father, foole me not so much,
To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,

II. iv.

280 O let not womens weapons, water drops
 Stayne my mans cheekes, no you vnnaturall hags,
 I will haue fuch reuenges on you both,
 That all the world fhall, I will doe fuch things,
 What they are yet I know not, but they fhallbe
 The terrors of the earth, you thinke ile weepe,
 No ile not weepe, I haue full caufe of weeping,

But this heart fhall breake, in a 100. thoufand flowes
 Or ere ile weepe, O foole I fhall goe mad.

Exeunt Lear, Leifter, Kent, and Foole.

290 *Duke.* Let vs withdraw, twill be a ftorme.

Reg. This houfe is little the old man and his people,
 Cannot be well beftowed.

Gon. Tis his own blame hath put himfelfe from reft,
 And muft needs taft his folly.

Reg. For his particuler, ile receiue him gladly,
 But not one follower.

Duke. So am I puspos'd, where is my Lord of *Glofter*? *Enter*

Reg. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

300 *Glo.* The King is in high rage, & wil I know not whe-
 (ther.

Re. Tis good to giue him way, he leads himfelfe.

Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no meanes to ftay.

Glo. Alack the night comes on, and the bleak winds
 Do forely ruffel, for many miles about ther's not a bufh.

Reg. O fir, to wilfull men

The iniuries that they themfelues procure,
 Muft be their schoolemafters, fhut vp your doores,
 He is attended with a desperate traine,
 And what they may incenfe him to, being apt,

310 To haue his eare abufd, wifedome bids feare.

Duke. Shut vp your doores my Lord, tis a wild night,
 My *Reg* counfais well, come out at'h ftorme. *Exeūt.*

iv.

80 And let not womens weapons, water drops,
 Staine my mans cheekes. No you vnnaturall Hags,
 I will haue such reuenges on you both,
 That all the world shall —— I will do such things,
 What they are yet, I know not, but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe,
 No, Ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping,
Storme and Tempest.
 But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
 Or ere Ile weepe; O Foole, I shall go mad. *Exeunt.*

90 *Corn.* Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.
Reg. This house is little, the old man an'ds people,
 Cannot be well bestow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,
 And must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, Ile receiue him gladly,
 But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd.
 Where is my Lord of *Gloster*?

Enter Gloster.

Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage.
Corn. Whether is he going?
 100 *Glo.* He calls to Horfe, but will I know not whether.
Corn. 'Tis best to giue him way, he leads himselfe.
Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.
Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes
 Do forely ruffle, for many Miles about
 There's scarce a Bush.
Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men,
 The iniuries that they themselues procure,
 Must be their Schoole-Masters: shut vp your doores,
 He is attended with a desperate traine,
 And what they may incense him too, being apt,
 310 To haue his eare abus'd, wifedome bids feare.
Cor. Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,
 My *Regan* counfels well: come out oth'torme. *Exeunt.*

Enter Kent and a Gentleman at severall doores.

Kent. Whats here beside foule weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather most vnquietly.

Kent. I know you, whers the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretfull element,
 Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
 Or swell the curled waters boue the maine (haire,
 That things might change or ceafe, [teares his white
 Which the impetuous blafts with eyles rage
 Catch in their furie, and make nothing of,
 10 Striues in his little world of man to outcorne,
 The too and fro conficting wind and raine,
 This night wherin the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
 The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
 Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,
 And bids what will take all.]

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-iest
 His heart strooke iniuries.

Kent. Sir I doe know you,
 And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
 Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuifion,
 20 Although as yet the face of it be couer'd,
 With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*

30 [But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
 Into this scattered kingdome, who alreadie wife in our
 Haue secret feet in some of our best Ports, (negligēce,
 And are at point to shew their open banner,
 Now to you, if on my credit you dare build so farre,
 To make your speed to Douer, you shall find
 Some that will thanke you, making iust report
 Of how vnnaturall and bemadding forrow
 The King hath caufe to plaine,

i.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storme still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.

Kent. Who's there besides foule weather?

Gen. One minded like the weather, most vnquietly.

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?

[296a

Gen. Contending with the fretfull Elements;
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or fwell the curled Waters 'boue the Maine,
That things might change, or cease.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gen. None but the Foole, who labours to out-iest
His heart-strooke iniuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my note
Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuifion
20 (Although as yet the face of it is couer'd
With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:
Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and fet high; Seruants, who seeme no leffe,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin seene,
Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,
Whereof (perchance) these are but furnifhings.

III. i.

40 I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance,
Offer this office to you.]

Gent. I will talke farther with you.

Kent. No doe not,

For confirmation that I much more
Then my out-wall, open this purse and take
What it containes, if you shall see *Cordelia*,
As feare not but you shall, shew her this ring,
And she will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you doe not know, fie on this storme,

50 I will goe seeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to say?

Kent. Few words but to effect more then all yet:
That when we haue found the King,
Ile this way, you that, he that first lights
On him, hollow the other.

Exeunt. [

III. ii.

Enter Lear and Foole.

Lear. Blow wind & cracke your cheekes, rage, blow
You caterickes, & Hircanios spout til you haue drencht,
The steeples drown'd the cockes, you sulphurous and
Thought executing fires, vaunt-currers to
Oke-cleauing thunderbolts, finge my white head,
And thou all shaking thunder, smite flat
The thicke Rotunditie of the world, cracke natures
Mold, all Germans spill at once that make
Ingratefull man.

10 *Foole.* O Nunckle, Court holy water in a drie houfe
Is better then this raine water out a doore,
Good Nunckle in, and aske thy daughters bleffing,
Heers a night pities nether wife man nor foole.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout raine,
Nor raine, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters,
I taske not you you elements with vnkindnes,
I neuer gaue you kingdome, cald you children,
You owe me no subcription, why then let fall your horrible
20 Here I stād your flauē, a poore infirme weak & (pleasure
Despis'd ould man, but yet I call you seruile

i.

Gent. I will talke further with you.

Kent. No, do not:

For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall; open this Purfe, and take
What it containes. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
(As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring,
And she will tell you who that Fellow is
That yet you do not know. Eye on this Storme,
o I will go seeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand,
Haue you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
That when we haue found the King, in which your pain
That way, Ile this: He that first lights on him,
Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

ii.

Storme still. Enter Lear, and Foole.

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curriours of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germanes spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.

o *Foole.* O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry houfe, is
better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle,
in, aske thy Daughters bleffing, heere's a night pitties
neither Wifemen, nor Fooles.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindneffe.
I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleafure. Heere I stand your Slaue,
o A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:

III.ii.

Minifters, that haue with 2. pernitiuous daughters ioin'd
Your high engèdred battel gainft a head fo old & white
As this, O tis foule.

Foole. Hee that has a houfe to put his head in, has a good
headpeece, the Codpeece that will houfe before the head, has
30 any the head and hee fhall lowfe, fo beggers mary many, the
man that makes his toe, what hee his heart fhould make, fhall
haue a corne cry woe, and turne his fleepe to wake, for
there was neuer yet faire woman but fhee made mouthes in a
glaffe.

Lear. No I will be the patterne of all patience *Enter Kent.*
I will fay nothing.

Kent. Whofe there?

40 *Foole.* Marry heers Grace, & a codpis, that's a wifeman and
a foole.

Kent. Alas fir, fit you here?

Things that loue night, loue not fuch nights as thefe,
The wrathfull Skies gallow, the very wanderer of the
Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,
Since I was man, fuch fheets of fire,
Such burfts of horred thunder, fuch grones of
Roaring winde, and rayne, I ne're remember
To haue heard, mans nature cannot cary
The affliction, nor the force.

[42]

50 *Lear.* Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadful
Powther ore our heades, find out their enemies now,
Tremble thou wretch that haft within thee
Vndivulged crimes, vnwhipt of Iuftice,
Hide thee thou bloody hand, thou periur'd, and
Thou fimular man of vertue that art inceftious,
Caytife in peeces fhake, that vnder couert
And conuenient feeming, haft practifed on mans life,
Clofe pent vp guiltis, riue your concealed centers,
And cry thefe dreadful fummoners grace,
60 I am a man more find againft their finning.

Kent Alacke bare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is
a houell, fome friendfhip will it lend you gainft the tempeft, re-
pofe you there, whilft I to this hard houfe, more hard then is
the ftone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now demanding

.. ii.

But yet I call you Seruile Minifters,
That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
Your high-engender'd Battailles, 'gainft a head
So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.

[296b

Foole. He that has a houfe to put's head in, has a good
Head-peece:

The Codpiece that will houfe, before the head has any;
30 The Head, and he fhall Lowfe: fo Beggars marry many.
The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart fhould make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his fleepe to wake.

For there was neuer yet faire woman, but fhee made
mouthes in a glaffe.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will fay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

40 *Foole.* Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a
Wifeman, and a Foole.

Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,
Loue not fuch nights as thefe: The wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keepe their Cauces: Since I was man,
Such fheets of Fire, fuch burfts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer
Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th'affliction, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Goddes
50 That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haft within thee vndivulged Crimes
Vnwhipt of Iuftice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;
Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
That art Inceftuous. Caytiffe, to peeces fhake
That vnder couert, and conuenient feeming
Ha's practis'd on mans life. Clofe pent-vp guilts,
Riue your concealing Continents, and cry
Thefe dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
60 More finn'd againft, then finning.

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?

Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,
Some friendfhip will it lend you 'gainft the Tempeft:
Repose you there, while I to this hard houfe,

III. ii.

after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their scanted
curtesie.

Lear. My wit begins to turne,
Come on my boy, how doft my boy, art cold?
I am cold my selfe, where is this straw my fellow,
70 The art of our necessities is strange that can,
Make vild things precious, come you houell poore,
Foole and knaue, I haue one part of my heart
That sorrowes yet for thee.

Foole. Hee that has a little tine witte, with hey ho the wind
and the raine, muft make content with his fortunes fit, for the
raine, it raineth euery day.

Lear. True my good boy, come bring vs to this houell?

III. iii.

Enter Gloster and the Bastard with lights.

Gloft. Alacke alacke *Edmund* I like not this,
Vnnaturall dealing when I defir'd their leaue
That I might pittie him, they tooke me from me
The vse of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine
Of their displeasure, neither to speake of him,
Intreat for him, nor any way fultaine him.

[43]

. ii.

(More harder then the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which euen but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
Their scanted curtesie.

Lear. My wits begin to turne.

Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?
70 The Art of our Necessities is strange,
And can make vild things precious. Come, your Houel;
Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart
That's forry yet for thee.

Foole. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
Muft make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth euery day.

L.e. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. *Exit.*

Foole. This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:
80 Ile speake a Prophecie ere I go:
When Priests are more in word, then matter;
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;
When euery Cafe in Law, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purfs come not to throngs;
When Vfurers tell their Gold i'th Field,
90 And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build, [297a
Then shal the Realme of *Albion*, come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who liues to fee't,
That going shalbe vs'd with feet. (time.
This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for I liue before his
Exit.

Scæna Tertia.

iii.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this vnnaturall
dealing; when I desired their leaue that I might pity him,
they tooke from me the vse of mine owne house, charg'd
me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake
of him, entreat for him, or any way sustaine him.

III. iii.

Bast. Most sauage and vnnaturall. (the Dukes,*Gloft.* Go toe say you nothing, ther's a diuifiō betwixt

10 And a worfe matter then that, I haue receiued
 A letter this night, tis dangerous to be spoken,
 I haue lockt the letter in my clofet, these iniuries
 The King now beares, will be reuenged home
 Ther's part of a power already landed,
 We muft incline to the King, I will seeke him, and
 Priuily releuee him, goe you and maintaine talke
 With the Duke, that my charity be not of him
 Perceiued, if hee aske for me, I am ill, and gon
 To bed, though I die for't, as no leffe is threatned me,
 20 The King my old matter muft be releueed, there is

Some strāge thing toward, *Edmund* pray you be careful. *Exit.*

Bast. This curtesie forbid thee, Inal the Duke instāly
 And of that letter to, this seems a faire deseruing (know
 And must draw me that which my father looses, no leffe
 Then all, then yonger rifes when the old doe fall. *Exit.*

III. iv.

Enter Lear, Kent, and foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, the
 tyrannie of the open nights too ruffe for nature to indure.

Lear. Let me alone. *Kent.* Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart;

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne, good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'ft tis much, that this tempestious storme
 Inuades vs to the skin, so tis to thee,
 But where the greater malady is fixt
 The leffer is scarce felt, thoud'ft shun a Beare,
 10 But if thy flight lay toward the roring sea,
 Thoud'ft meet the beare it'h mouth, whē the mind's free
 The bodies delicate, this tempest in my mind
 Doth from my fences take all feeling else
 Saue what beates their filiall ingratitude,
 Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
 For lifting food to't, but I will punish sure,
 No I will weepe no more, in such a night as this!

[4

iii.

Bast. Most sauage and vnnaturall.

Glo. Go too; say you nothing. There is diuision be-
10 tweene the Dukes, and a worffe matter then that: I haue
receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken,
I haue lock'd the Letter in my Cloffet, these iniuries the
King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of
a Power already footed, we muft incline to the King, I
will looke him, and priuily relieue him; goe you and
maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of
him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to
20 bed, If I die for it, (as no leffe is threatned me) the King
my old Master muft be relieued. There is strange things
toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

Bast. This Curtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke
Instantly know, and of that Letter too;
This seemes a faire deseruing, and muft draw me
That which my Father looses: no leffe then all,
The yonger rifes, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

iv.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The tirrany of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure. *Storme still*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'ft 'tis much that this contentious
Inuades vs to the skinfo: 'tis to thee, (storme
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leffer is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Beare,
10 But if they sight lay toward the roaring Sea,
Thou'dst meete the Beare i'th'mouth, when the mind's
The bodies delicate: the tempeft in my mind, (free,
Doth from my fences take all feeling elfe,
Saeue what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
For lifting food too't? But I will punish home;
No, I will weepe no more; in such a night,

III. iv.

20 O *Regan, Gonorill*, your old kind father (lies,
 Whofe franke heart gaue you all, O that way madnes
 Let me fhun that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Prethe goe in thy felfe, feeke thy one ease
 This tempeft will not giue me leaue to ponder
 On things would hurt me more, but ile goe in,

Poore naked wretches where fo ere you are
 That bide the pelting of this pittiles night,
 30 How fhall your houfe-leffe heads, and vnfed fides,
 Your loopt and windowed raggednes defend you
 From feafons fuch as thefe, O I haue tane
 Too little care of this, take phyficke pompe,
 Expole thy felfe to feele what wretches feele,
 That thou mayft fhake the superflux to them,
 And fhew the heauens more iuft.

40 *Foole.* Come not in here Nunckle, her's a fpirit, helpe me, helpe
 mee.

Kent. Giue my thy hand, whofe there.

Foole. A fpirit, he faves, his nam's poore *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that doft grumble there in the ftrow,
 come forth?

Edg. Away, the fowle fiend followes me, thorough the fharpé
 hathorne blowes the cold wind, goe to thy cold bed and warme
 thee.

50 *Lear.* Haft thou giuen all to thy two daughters, and art thou
 come to this?

Edg. Who gines any thing to poore *Tom*, whome the foule
 Fiende hath led, through fire, and through foord, and
 whirli-poole, ore bog and quagmire, that has layd kniues vn-
 der his pillow, and halts in his pue, fet ratsbane by his pottage,
 made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horfe ouer
 foure incht bridges, to courfe his owne fhadow for a traytor,
 60 bleffe thy fue wits, *Toms* a cold, bleffe thee from whirle-winds,
 ftarre-blufting, and taking, doe poore *Tom* fome charitie, whom

iv.

To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure:
 In such a night as this? O *Regan, Gonerill*,
 20 Your old kind Father, whose frank heart gaue all,
 O that way madneffe lies, let me shun that:
 No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter here.

Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,
 This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder
 On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,
 In Boy, go first. You houseleffe pouertie, *Exit.*
 Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe.
 Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
 That bide the pelting of this pittileffe storme,
 30 How shall your House-leffe heads, and vnfed sides,
 Your lop'd, and window'd raggedneffe defend you
 From seasons such as these? O I haue tane
 Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompe,
 Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
 That thou maist shake the superflux to them,
 And shew the Heauens more iust.

Enter Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore *Tom*.

40 *Foole.* Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe
 me, helpe me.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A spirite, a spirite, he sayes his name's poore
Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there ith'
 straw? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the
 sharpe Hawthorne blow the windes. Humh, goe to thy
 bed and warme thee.

50 *Lear.* Did'st thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art
 thou come to this?

Edgar. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom
 the foule fiend hath led through Fire, and through Flame,
 through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quag-
 mire, that hath laid Kniues vnder his Pillow, and Halters
 in his Pue, set Rats-bane by his Porredge, made him
 Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, ouer foure
 60 incht Bridges, to course his owne shadow for a Traitor.
 Blisse thy five Wits, *Toms* a cold. O do, de, do, de, do de,

III. iv.

the foule fiend vexes, there could I haue him now, and there, and [45
there againe.

Lear. What, his daughters brought him to this paffe,
Couldst thou faue nothing, didst thou giue them all?

Foole. Nay he referu'd a blanket, else we had beene all sham'd.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
70 Hang fated ore mens faults, fall on thy daughters.

Kent. He hath no daughters sir.

Lear. Death traytor, nothing could haue subdued nature
To such a lownes, but his vnkind daughters,
Is it the fashon that discarded fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh,
Iudicious punishment twas this flesh
Begot those Pelicane daughters.

Edg. Pilicock fate on pelicocks hill, a lo lo lo.

80 *Foole.* This cold night will turne vs all to fooles & madmen.

Edg. Take heede at'h foule fiend, obey thy parents, keep thy
words iustly, sweare not, commit not with mans sworne spoufe,
set not thy sweet heart on proud array, *Toms* a cold,

Lear. What hast thou beene?

Edg. A Seruingman, proud in heart and mind, that curld my
haire, wore gloues in my cap, serued the luft of my mistris heart,
90 and did the act of darkenes with her, swore as many oaths as I
spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heauen, one
that flept in the contriuing of luft, and wakt to doe it, wine lo-
ued I deeply, dice deerely, and in woman out paromord the
Turke, false of heart, light of eare, bloudie of hand, Hog in floth,
Fox in stealth, VVoolfe in greedines,, Dog in madnes, Lyon
in pray, let not the creaking of shooes, nor the rufings of filkes
betray thy poore heart to women, keepe thy foote out of bro-
100 thell, thy hand out of placket, thy pen from lenders booke,
and defie the foule fiend, still through hathorne blowes the
cold wind, hay no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, caefe
let him trot by.

Lear Why thou wert better in thy graue, then to answere
with thy vncouered bodie this extremitie of the skies, is man no

l. iv.

bliffe thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blaſting, and ta-
king, do poore *Tom* ſome charitie, whom the foule Fiend
vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there
again, and there. *Storme ſtill.*

Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this paſſe?
Could'ſt thou ſaue nothing? Would'ſt thou giue 'em all?

Foole. Nay, he referu'd a Blanket, elſe we had bin all
ſham'd.

Lea. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
70 Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could haue ſubdu'd
To ſuch a lowneſſe, but his vnkind Daughters. (Nature
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded Fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their fleſh:
Iudicious puniſhment, 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe Pelicane Daughters.

Edg. Pillicock fat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo.

80 *Foole.* This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and
Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o'th'foole Fiend, obey thy Pa-
rents, keepe thy words Iuſtice, ſweare not, commit not,
with mans ſworne Spouſe; fet not thy Sweet-heart on
proud array. *Tom's a cold.*

Lear. What haſt thou bin?

Edg. A Seruingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that
curl'd my haire, wore Gloues in my cap; ſeru'd the Luſt
90 of my Miſtris heart, and did the acte of darkeneſſe with
her. Swore as many Oathes, as I ſpaké words, & broke
them in the ſweet face of Heauen. One, that ſlept in the
contriuing of Luſt, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I
deerely, Dice deerely; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd
the Turke. Falſe of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand;
Hog in floth, Foxe in ſtealth, Wolfe in greedineſſe, Dog
in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhooes,
Nor the ruſtling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to wo-
100 man. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of
Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and deſye the
foule Fiend. Still through the Hawthorne blowes the
cold winde: Sayes ſuum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy,
Boy *Seſey*: let him trot by. *Storme ſtill.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a Graue, then to anſwere
with thy vncouer'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is

[298a

III. iv.

more, but this cōsider him well, thou oweft the worme no filke,
 110 the beaft no hide, the fheepe no wooll, the cat no perfume, her's
 three ons are fophifticated, thou art the thing it felfe, vnaccom-
 odated man, is no more but fuch a poore bare forked Animall [46
 as thou art, off off you lendings, come on

Foole. Prithe Nunckle be content, this is a naughty night to
 swim in, now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old leachers
 heart, a fmall fparke, all the reft in bodie cold, looke here comes
 a walking fire. *Enter Glofter.*

120 *Edg.* This is the foule fiend *fiberdegibek*, hee begins at cur-
 phew, and walks till the firft cocke, he giues the web, & the pin,
 fquemes the eye, and makes the hare lip, mildewes the white
 wheate, and hurts the poore creature of earth, fwithald footed
 thrice the old, he met the night mare and her nine fold bid her, O
 light and her troth plight and arint thee, witch arint thee.

130 *Kent.* How fares your Grace?

Lear. Whats hee?

Kent. Whofe there, what i'ft you feeke?

Gloft. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poore *Tom*, that eats the fwimming frog, the tode, the
 tod pole, the wall-newt, and the water, that in the furie of his
 heart, when the foule fiend rages, eats cow-dung for fallets, fwal-
 lowes the old ratt, and the ditch dogge, drinks the greene man-
 140 tle of the ftanding poole, who is whipt from tithing to tithing,
 and ftock-punifht and imprifoned, who hath had three futes to
 his backe, fixe fhirts to his bodie, horfe to ride, and weapon
 to weare.

But mife and rats, and fuch fmall Deere,

Hath beene *Toms* foode for feuen long yeare.

Beware my follower, peace fnullbug, peace thou fiend.

Gloft. What hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of darkenes is a Gentleman, *modo* he's caled
 and ma hu ---

150 *Gloft.* Our flefh and bloud is growne fo vild my Lord, that it
 doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold.

. iv.

man no more then this? Confider him well. Thou ow't
the Worme no Silke; the Beaft, no Hide; the Sheepe, no
110 Wooll; the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are
fophifticated. Thou art the thing it felfe; vnaccommo-
dated man, is no more but fuch a poore, bare, forked A-
nimall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vn-
button heere.

Enter Gloucefter, with a Torch.

Foole. Prythee Nunckle be contented, 'tis a naughtie
night to fwimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field,
were like an old Letchers heart, a fmall fpark, all the left
on's body, cold: Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

120 *Edg.* This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at
Curfew, and walkes at firft Cocke: Hee giues the Web
and the Pin, fquints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe;
Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Crea-
ture of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old,
He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

130 *Kent.* How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you feeke?

Glou. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eats the fwimming Frog, the
Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that
in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats
Cow-dung for Sallets; fwallowes the old Rat, and the
ditch-Dogge; drinkes the green Mantle of the ftanding
140 Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and
ftockt, punifh'd, and imprifon'd: who hath three Suites
to his backe, fixe fhirts to his body:

Horfe to ride, and weapon to weare:
But Mice, and Rats, and fuch fmall Deare,
Haue bin Toms food, for feuen long yeare:

Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkeneffe is a Gentleman. *Modo*
he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

150 *Glou.* Our flefh and blood, my Lord, is growne fo
vilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold.

III. iv.

Gloft. Go in with me, my dutie cānot suffer to obey in all your daughters hard commaunds, though their iniunction be to barre my doores, and let this tyranous night take hold vpon you, yet haue I venter'd to come seeke you out, and bring you where both food and fire is readie.

Lear. Firft let me talke with this Philofopher, [47
160 What is the caufe of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord take his offer, goe into the houfe.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this moft learned 'lhebān, what is your studie?

Edg. How to preuent the fiend, and to kill vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him to goe my Lord, his wits begin
(to vnfettle.

Gloft. Canst thou blame him,
His daughters seeke his death, O that good *Kent*,
He said it would be thus, poore banifht man,
170 Thou sayest the King growes mad, ile tell thee friend
I am almost mad my selfe, I had a sonne
Now out-lawed from my bloud, a fought my life
But lately, very late, I lou'd him friend
No father his sonne deerer, true to tell thee,
The greefe hath craz'd my wits,
What a nights this? I doe beseech your Grace.

Lear. O crie you mercie noble Philofopher, your com-

Edg. *Toms* a cold. (pany.

Gloft. In fellow there, in't houell keepe thee warme.
180

Lear. Come lets in all.

Kent. This way my Lord.

Lear. With him I wil keep stīl, with my Philofopher.

Ken. Good my Lord footh him, let him take the fellow.

Gloft. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirah come on, goe along with vs?

Lear. Come good Athenian.

Gloft. No words, no words, hufh.

Edg. Child *Rowland*, to the darke towne come,
His word was stīll fy fo and fum,
I smell the bloud of a Britifh man.

. iv.

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
T'obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their Iniunction be to barre my doores,
And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you,
Yet haue I ventured to come seeke you out,
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

[298b

Lear. Firft let me talke with this Philofopher,
160 What is the caufe of Thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,
Go into th'houfe.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this fame lerned Theban:
What is your study?

Edg. How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord,
His wits begin t'vnfettle.

Glou. Canft thou blame him? *Storm ftill*

His Daughters feeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,
He faid it would be thus: poore banifh'd man:

170 Thou fayeft the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend
I am almoft mad my felfe. I had a Sonne,
Now out-law'd from my blood: he fought my life
But lately: very late: I lou'd him (Friend)
No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,
The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do befeech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble Philofopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glou. In fellow there, into th'Houel; keep thee warm.

180 *Lear.* Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keepe ftill with my Philofopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, footh him:

Let him take the Fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on: go along with vs.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words, hufh.

Edg. Childe Rowland to the darke Tower came,
His word was ftill, fie, foh, and fumme,
I fmell the blood of a Brittifh man.

Exeunt

Enter Cornewell and Bastard.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge ere I depart the houfe.

Bast. How my Lord I may be censured, that nature thus giues way to loyaltie, some thing feares me to thinke of.

Corn. I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers euill difpofition made him seeke his death, but a prouoking merit, fet a worke by a reproveable badnes in himselfe. [48]

10 *Bast.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to bee iust? this is the letter he spoke of, which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of *France*, O heauens that his treason were, or not I the detector.

Corn. Goe with me to the Dutches.

Bast. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you haue mighty bufines in hand.

20 *Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee Earle of *Gloster*, seeke out where thy father is, that hee may bee readie for our apprehension.

Bast. If I find him comforting the King, it will stuffe his suspicion more fully, I will perfeuere in my course of loyaltie, though the conflict be fore betweene that and my bloud.

Corn. I will lay trust vpon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer father in my loue. *Exit.*

III. vi. *Enter Gloster and Lear, Kent, Foole, and Tom.*

Gloft. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be long from you.

Ken. All the power of his wits haue giuen way to impatience, the Gods deferue your kindnes.

Edg. *Fretereto* cals me, and tels me *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darknes, pray innocent beware the foule fiend.

v.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge, ere I depart his houfe.

Bast. How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature thus giues way to Loyaltie, something feares mee to thinke of.

Cornw. I now perceiue, it was not altogether your Brothers euill disposition made him seeke his death: but a prouoking merit set a-worke by a reprobable badnesse in himselfe.

10 *Bast.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be iust? This is the Letter which hee spoake of; which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of France. O Heauens! that this Treafon were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutcheffe.

Bast. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you haue mighty bufinesse in hand.

20 *Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee Earle of Gloucester: seeke out where thy Father is, that hee may be ready for our apprehension.

[299a

Bast. If I finde him comforting the King, it will stuffe his suspition more fully. I will perseuer in my course of Loyalty, though the conflict be fore betweene that, and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust vpon thee: and thou shalt finde a deere Father in my loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

vi.

Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Glou. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. *Exit*

Kent. All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindnesse.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. *Fratretto* calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darknesse: pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

III. vi.

10 *Foole.* Prithe Nunckle tell me, whether a mad man be a Gentleman or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King, to haue a thousand with red burning spits come hifzing in vpon them.

[*Edg.* The foule fiend bites my backe,

20 *Foole.* He's mad, that trufts in the tamenes of a Wolfe, a horses health, a boyes loue, or a whores oath.

Lear. It fhallbe done, I wil arraigne them ftraight,
Come fit thou here moft learned Iuftice
Thou fapient fir fit here, no you fhee Foxes —

Edg. Looke where he ftands and glars, wantft thou eyes, at
tral madam come ore the broome *Befsy* to mee.

30 *Foole.* Her boat hath a leake, and fhe muft not fpeake,
Why fhe dares not come, ouer to thee.

Edg. The foule fiend haüts poore *Tom* in the voyce of the nigh- [49
Hoppedance cries in *Toms* belly for two white herring, (tingale,
Croke not blacke Angell, I haue no foode for thee.

Kent. How doe you fir? ftand you not fo amazd, will you
lie downe and reft vpon the cufhings?

Lear. Ile fee their triall firft, bring in their euidence, thou
robbed man of Iuftice take thy place, & thou his yokefellow of
equity, bench by his fide, you are ot'h commiffion, fit you too.

40 *Ed.* Let vs deale iuftly fleepft or wakeft thou iolly fhepheard,
Thy fheepe bee in the corne, and for one blaft of thy minikin
mouth, thy fheepe fhall take no harme, Pur the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraigne her firft tis *Gonoril*, I here take my oath before
50 this honorable affembly kickt the poore king her father.

Foole. Come hither miftriffe is your name *Gonorill*.

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy I tooke you for a ioyne ftoole.

Lear. And heres another whole warpt lookes proclaime,
What ftore her hart is made an, ftop her there,
Armes, armes, fword, fire, corruption in the place,
Falle Iufticer why haft thou let her fcape.]

60 *Edg.* Bleffe thy fue wits.

Kent. O pity fir, where is the patience now,
That you fo oft haue boasted to retaine.

Edg. My teares begin to take his part fo much,
Theile marre my counterfeiting.

I. vi.

10 *Foole.* Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be
a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to
his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that fees his Sonne a
Gentleman before him.

Lear. To haue a thousand with red burning spits
Come hizzing in vpon 'em.

60 *Edg.* Blesse thy five wits.

Kent. O pittie: Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft haue boasted to retaine?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much,
They marre my counterfetting.

III. vi.

Lear. The little dogs and all

Trey, Blanch, and Sweet hart, see they barke at me.

Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them, auant you curs,
 70 Be thy mouth, or blacke, or white, tooth that poyfons if it bite,
 Maftife, grayhoūd, mungril, grim-hoūd or spaniel, brach or him,
 Bobtaile tike, or trūdletaile, *Tom* will make them weep & waile,
 For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape the hatch and all
 are fled, loudla doodla come march to wakes, and faires, and
 market townes, poore *Tom* thy horne is dry.

(her

80 *Lear.* Then let them anotomize *Regan*, see what breeds about
 Hart is there any caufe in nature that makes this hardnes,
 You fir, I entertaime you for one of my hundred,
 Only I do not like the fafhion of your garments youle fay,
 They are Perfian attire, but let them be chang'd. [5

Kent. Now good my Lord lie here awhile.

90 *Lear.* Make no noife, make no noife, draw the curtains, fo, fo, fo,
 Weele go to fupper it'h morning, fo, fo, fo, *Enter Glofter.*

Gloft. Come hither friend, where is the King my maifter.*Kent.* Here fir, but trouble him not his wits are gon.

Gloft. Good friend, I prithy take him in thy armes,
 I haue or'e heard a plot of death vpon him,
 Ther is a Litter ready lay him in't, & driue towards Douer frend,
 Where thou fhalt meet both welcome & protection, take vp thy
 100 If thou fhould'ft dally halfe an houre, his life with thine (mafter,
 And all that offer to defend him stand in affured loffe,
 Take vp the King and followe me, that will to fome prouifion
 Giue thee quicke conduct.

[*Kent.* Oppreffed nature fleepes,

This reft might yet haue balmed thy broken finewes,
 Which if conuenience will not alow stand in hard cure,
 Come helpe to beare thy maifter, thou muft not ftay behind.

Gloft. Come, come away. *Exit.*

110 *Edg.* When we our betters see bearing our woes: we scarcely

vi.

Lear. The little dogges, and all;
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: see, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Auauunt you
Curses, be thy mouth or blacke or white:

70 Tooth that poyfons if it bite:

Maſtiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,
Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:
Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile,
Tom will make him weepe and waile,
For with throwing thus my head;
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: ſefe: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres,
And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry,

80 *Lear.* Then let them Anatomize *Regan*: See what
breeds about her heart. Is there any caufe in Nature that
make theſe hard-hearts. You ſir, I entertaine for one of
my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your gar-
ments. You will fay they are Perſian; but let them bee
chang'd.

Enter Gloſter.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and reſt awhile.

90 *Lear.* Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the Cur-
taines: ſo, ſo, wee'l go to Supper i'th'morning.

Foole. And Ile go to bed at noone.

Glou. Come hither Friend:

Where is the King my Maſter?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.

Glou. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes;
I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him:

[299b

There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,

And driue toward Douer friend, where thou ſhalt meete
Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Maſter,

100 If thou ſhould'ſt dally halfe an houre, his life

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in affured loſſe. Take vp, take vp,

And follow me, that will to ſome prouifion

Giue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away.

Exeunt

III. vi.

thinke, our miseries, our foes.
 Who alone suffers suffers, most it'h mind,
 Leauing free things and happy shoves behind,
 But then the mind much sufferance doth or'e scip,
 When grieffe hath mates, and bearing fellowhip:
 How light and portable my paine seemes now,
 When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow.
 He childed as I fathered, *Tom* away,
 Marke the high noyfes and thy selfe bewray,
 When false opinion whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
 120 In thy iust prooffe repeals and reconciles thee,
 What will hap more to night, safe scape the King,
 Lurke, lurke.

III. vii. *Enter Cornwall, and Regan, and Gonorill, and Bastard.*

(letter

Corn. Post speedily to my Lord your husband shew him this
 The army of France is landed, seeke out the vilaine *Gloster*.

Regan. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leauē him to my displeasure, *Edmūd* keep you our sifter [51
 (company.

The reuenge we are bound to take vpon your trayterous father,
 10 Are not fit for your beholding, aduise the Duke where you are
 To a most festuant preparatiō we are bound to the like, (going
 Our post shall be swift and intelligence betwixt vs,
 Farewell deere sifter, farewell my Lord of *Gloster*,
 How now whers the King? *Enter Steward.*

20 *Stew.* My Lord of *Gloster* hath conueyd him hence,
 Some fūe or fixe and thirtie of his Knights hot queltrits after
 him, met him at gate, who with some other of the Lords dependen-
 dants are gone with him towards Douer, where they boast to
 haue well armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your misstris.

Gon. Farewell sweet Lord and sifter. *Exit Gon. and Bast.*

Corn. *Edmūd* farewell: goe seeke the traytor *Gloster*.

Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,
 Though we may not passe vpon his life

Scena Septima.

II. vii. *Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bastard,
and Seruants.*

Corn. Poſte ſpeedily to my Lord your husband, ſhew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: ſeeke out the Traitor Gloufter.

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leaue him to my diſpleaſure. *Edmond*, keepe you our Siſter company: the reuenges wee are bound to take vpon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Aduice the Duke where you are going, to a moſt feſtiuate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Poſtes ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Farewell deere Siſter, farewell my Lord of Gloufter.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Gloufter hath conuey'd him hence Some ſiue or ſix and thirty of his Knights Hot Queſtrifts after him, met him at gate, Who, with ſome other of the Lords, dependants, Are gone with him toward Douer; where they boaſt
20 To haue well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your Miſtris.

Gon. Farewell ſweet Lord, and Siſter. *Exit*

Corn. *Edmond* farewell: go ſeek the Traitor Gloſter, Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs: Though well we may not paſſe vpon his life

III. vii.

Without the forme of Iuftice, yet our power
 Shall doe a curtelie to our wrath, which men may blame
 But not controule, whose there, the traytor?

Enter Glofter brought in by two or three,

Reg. Ingratfull Fox tis hee.

Corn. Bind faft his corkie armes.

30 *Gloft.* What meanes your Graces, good my friends confider,
 You are my gefts, doe me no foule play friends.

Corn. Bind him I fay,

Reg. Hard hard, O filthie traytor!

Gloft. Vnmercifull Lady as you are, I am true.

Corn. To this chaire bind him, villaine thou fhalt find ---

Gloft. By the kind Gods tis moft ignobly done, to pluck me
 by the beard. *Reg.* So white and fuch a Traytor.

Gloft. Naughty Ladie, thefe haire which thou doft rauifh from
 Will quicken and accufe thee, I am your hoft. (my chin

40 With robbers hands, my hofpitable fauours
 You fhould not ruffell thus, what will you doe.

Corn. Come fir, what letters had you late from *France*?

Reg. Be fimple anfwerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy haue you with the tratours late [52
 footed in the kingdome?

Reg. To whose hands you haue fent the lunatick King fpeake?

Gloft. I haue a letter geffingly fet downe
 Which came from one, that's of a neutrall heart,
 And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning. *Reg.* And falfe,

50 *Corn.* Where haft thou fent the King? *Gloft.* To Douer.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer? waft thou not charg'd at perill ---

Corn. Wherefore to Douer? let him firft anfwere that.

Gloft. I am tide tot'h ftake, and I muft ftand the courfe.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer fir?

vii.

Without the forme of Iustice: yet our power
Shall do a curt'ie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not comptroll.

Enter Gloucester, and Seruants.

Who's there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde fast his corky armes.

30 *Glou.* What meanes your Graces?

Good my Friends confider you are my Ghefts:

Do me no foule play, Friends.

Corn. Binde him I say.

Reg. Hard, hard: o filthy Traitor.

Glou. Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

Corn. To this Chaire binde him,

Villaine, thou shalt finde.

Glou. By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor?

Glou. Naughty Ladie,

These haire which thou doft rauish from my chin

Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host,

40 With Robbers hands, my hospitable faouours

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

[300a

Corn. Come Sir.

What Letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacie haue you with the Trai-
tors, late footed in the Kingdome?

Reg. To whose hands

You haue sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.

Glou. I haue a Letter guelfingly fet downe

Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,

And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

50 *Corn.* Where hast thou sent the King?

Glou. To Douer.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?

Was't thou not charg'd at perill.

Corn. Wherefore to Douer? Let him answer that.

Glou. I am tyed to'th'Stake,

And I must stand the Courfe.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?

Gloft. Because I would not see thy cruell nayles
 Pluck out his poore old eyes, nor thy fierce sifter
 In his annoynted flesh rash borish phangs,
 The Sea with such a storme on his lowd head
 60 In hell blacke night indur'd, would haue bod vp
 And quencht the stelled fires, yet poore old heart,
 Hee holpt the heauens to rage,
 If wolues had at thy gate heard that dearne time
 Thou shouldst haue said, good Porter turne the key,
 All cruels else subscrib'd but I shall see
 The winged vengeance ouertake such children.

Corn. Seet shalt thou neuer, fellowes hold the chaire,
 Vpon those eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.

Gloft. He that will thinke to liue till he be old
 70 Giue me some helpe, O cruell, O ye Gods!

Reg. One side will mocke another, tother to.

Corn. If you see vengeance ---

Seruant. Hold your hand my Lord
 I haue seru'd euer since I was a child (you hold.
 But better seruice haue I neuer done you, thẽ now to bid

Reg. How now you dogge.

Seru. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin id'e shake it
 on this quarrell, what doe you meane?

Corn. My villaine. *draw and fight.*

Seru. Why then come on, and take the chance of anger.

80 *Reg.* Giue me thy sword, a pefant stand vp thus.

Shee takes a sword and runs at him behind.

[5

Seruant. Oh I am flaine my Lord, yet haue you one eye left to
 see some mischief on him, oh!

Corn. Leaft it see more preuent it, out vild Ielly
 Where is thy luster now?

Glost. All darke and comfortles, wher's my sonne *Edmund*?
Edmuud vnbridle all the sparks of nature, to quit this horred act.

Reg. Out villaine, thou calst on him that hates thee, it was he
 90 that made the ouerture of thy treasons to vs, who is too good to
 pittie thee.

Gloft. O my follies, then *Edgar* was abus'd,
 Kind Gods forgiue me that, and prosper him.

i.

Glou. Because I would not see thy cruell Nailes
 Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sifter,
 In his Anointed flesh, sticke boarish phangs.
 The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,
 In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp
 And quench'd the Stelled fires:
 Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.
 If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time,
 Thou should'ft haue said, good Porter turne the Key:
 All Cruels elfe subscribe: but I shall see
 The winged Vengeance ouertake such Children.

Corn. See't shalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold y^e Chaire,
 Vpon these eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.

Glou. He that will thinke to liue, till he be old,
 Giue me some helpe. — O cruell! O you Gods.

Reg. One side will mocke another: Th'other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance.

Seru. Hold your hand, my Lord:
 I haue seru'd you euer since I was a Childe:
 But better seruice haue I neuer done you,
 Then now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dogge?

Seru. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,
 I'd shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?

Corn. My Villaine?

Seru. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

o *Reg.* Giue me thy Sword. A pezant stand vp thus?

Killes him.

Seru. Oh I am flaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left
 To see some mischefe on him. Oh.

Corn. Left it see more, preuent it; Out vilde gelly:
 Where is thy luster now?

Glou. All darke and comfortlesse?

Where's my Sonne *Edmund*?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparkes of Nature
 To quit this horrid acte.

Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,
 Thou call'ft on him, that hates thee. It was he
 That made the ouerture of thy Treafons to vs:
 Who is too good to pittie thee.

10 *Glou.* O my Follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd,
 Kinde Gods, forgiue me that, and prosper him.

III. vii.

Reg. Goe thruft him out at gates, and let him smell his way to Douer, how ift my Lord? how looke you?

Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt, follow me Ladie,
Turne out that eyles villaine, throw this flaue vpon
The dungell *Regan*, I bleed apace, vntimely
Comes this hurt, giue me your arme.

Exit.

[*Seruant.* Ile neuer care what wickednes I doe,
100 If this man come to good.

2 Seruant. If she liue long, & in the end meet the old courfe
of death, women will all turne monfters.

1 Ser. Lets follow the old Earle, and get the bedlom
To lead him where he would, his madnes
Allows it felfe to any thing.

2 Ser. Goe thou, ile fetch fome flaxe and whites of egges to
apply to his bleeding face, now heauen helpe him. *Exit.*]

IV. i.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemnd,
Then ftill contemn'd and flattered to be worft,
The loweft and moft dejected thing of Fortune
Stands ftill in experience, liues not in feare,
The lamentable change is from the beft,
The worft returnes to laughter,

10 Who's here, my father parti, eyd, world, world, O world!

But that thy ftrange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age. *Enter Gloft. led by an old man.*

Old man. O my good Lord I haue benee your tenant, & your
fathers tenant this forefcore ---

[5

Gloft. Away, get thee away, good friend be gon,
Thy comforts can doe me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old man. Alack fir, you cannot fee your way.

20 *Gloft.* I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes,
I ftumbled when I faw, full oft tis feene
Our meanes feure vs, and our meare defects

vii.

Reg. Go thruft him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Douer. *Exit with Gloufter.*
How is't my Lord? How looke you?

Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady; [300b
Turne out that eyelefte Villaine: throw this Slaue
Vpon the Dunghill: *Regan*, I bleed apace,
Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arme. *Exeunt*,

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

i.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worft:
The loweft, and moft deiected thing of Fortune,
Stands still in eſperance, liues not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the beſt,
The worft returnes to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou vnſubſtantiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou haſt blowne vnto the worft,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.

Enter Glouſter, and an Oldman.

- 10 But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?
World, World, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeelde to age.
Oldm. O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, theſe fourefcore yeares.
Glou. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee, they may hurt.
Oldm. You cannot ſee your way.
20 *Glou.* I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeene,
Our meanes ſecure vs, and our meere defects

IV. i.

Proue our comodities, ah deere sonne *Edgar*,
 The food of thy abused fathers wrath,
 Might I but liue to see thee in my tuch,
 Id'e fay I had eyes againe.

Old man. How now whose there?

Edg. O Gods, who ift can fay I am at the worft,
 I am worfe then ere I was.

Old man. Tis poore mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worfe I may be yet, the worft is not.

30 As long as we can fay, this is the worft.

Old man. Fellow where goeft?

Gloft. Is it a begger man?

Old man. Mad man, and begger to.

Gloft. A has some reafon, elfe he could not beg,
 In the laft nights ftorme I fuch a fellow faw,
 Which made me thinke a man a worme, my fonne
 Came then into my mind, and yet my mind (fince,
 Was then fcarce friendes with him, I haue heard more

As flies are toth' wanton boyes, are we toth' Gods,
 They bitt vs for their fport.

40 *Edg.* How fhould this be, bad is the trade that muft play the
 foole to forrow angring it felfe and others, bleffe thee maifter.

Gloft. Is that the naked fellow?

Old man. I my Lord.

Gloft. Then prethee get thee gon, if for my fake
 Thou wilt oretake vs here a mile or twaine
 Ith' way toward Douer, doe it for ancient loue
 And bring fome couering for this naked foule
 Who Ile intreate to leade me.

Old man. Alack fir he is mad.

Gloft. Tis the times plague, when madmen lead the
 Doe as I bid thee, or rather doe thy pleafore, (blind,
 50 About the reft, be gon.

Old man. Ile bring him the beft parrell that I haue
 Come on't what will.

Gloft. Sirrah naked fellow.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold, I cannot dance it farther.

Gloft. Come hither fellow.

Edg. Bleffe thy fweete eyes, they bleed.

[55]

i.

Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:
Might I but liue to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes againe.

Oldm. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?
I am worse then ere I was.

Old. 'Tis poore mad Tom.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
30 So long as we can say this is the worst.

Oldm. Fellow, where goest?

Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.

Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I'th'last nights storme, I such a fellow saw;
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then scarce Friends with him.

I haue heard more since:

As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,
They kill vs for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

40 Bad is the Trade that muft play Foole to sorrow,
Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.

Glou. Is that the naked Fellow?

Oldm. I, my Lord.

Glou. Get thee away: If for my sake
Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine
I'th'way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,
And bring some couering for this naked Soule,
Which Ile intreate to leade me.

Old. Alacke sir, he is mad.

Glou. 'Tis the times plague,
When Madmen leade the blinde:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:

50 About the rest, be gone.

Oldm. Ile bring him the best Parrell that I haue
Come on't, what will. *Exit*

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.

Glou. Come hither fellow.

Edg. And yet I muft:
Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleede.

[301a

IV. i.

Gloft. Knowft thou the way to Douer?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horfe-way, and foot-path,

60 Poore *Tom* hath beene feard out of his good wits,
Bleffe the good man from the foule fiend,

[Five fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,

Of luft, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* Prince of dumbnes,

Mahu of stealing, *Modo* of murder, *Stiberdigebit* of

Mobing, & *Mohing* who fince poffeffes chambermaids

And waiting women, fo, bleffe thee maifter.] (plagues.

Gloft. Here take this purfe, thou whome the heauens

Haue humbled to all ftrokes, that I am wretched, makes

The happier, heauens deale fo ftill, (thee

70 Let the fuperfluous and luft-dieted man

That ftands your ordinance, that will not fee

Because he does not feele, feele your power quickly,

So diftribution fhould vnder exceffe,

And each man haue enough, doft thou know Douer?

Edg. I mafter.

Gloft. There is a cliffe whofe high & bending head

Lookes firmly in the confined deepe,

Bring me but to the very brimme of it

And ile repaire the mifery thou doft beare

80 With fomething rich about me,

From that place I fhall no leading need.

Edg. Giue me thy arme, poore *Tom* fhall lead thee.

IV. ii.

Enter Gonorill and Bastard.

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I maruaile our mild husband
Not met vs on the way, now wher's your maifter!

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madame within, but neuer man fo chang'd, I told him [!
of the army that was landed, he fmild at it, I told him you were
coming, his anfwere was the worfe, of *Glofters* treacherie, and of
the loyall feruice of his fonne when I enform'd him, then hee
10 cald me fott, and told me I had turnd the wrong fide out, what
hee fhould moft defire feesmes pleafant to him, what like offen-
fue.

i.

Glou. Know'ft thou the way to Douer?

Edg. Both ftyle, and gate; Horfeway, and foot-path:
60 poore Tom hath bin fcarr'd out of his good wits. Blette
thee good mans fonne, from the foule Fiend.

Glou. Here take this purfe, y^e whom the heu'ns plagues
Haue humbled to all ftrokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: Heauens dealt fo ftill:
70 Let the fuperfluou, and Luft-dieted man,
That flaues your ordinance, that will not fee
Becaufe he do's not feele, feele your powre quickly:
So diftribution fhould vndoo exceffe,
And each man haue enough. Doft thou know Douer?

Edg. I Mafter.

Glou. There is a Cliffe, whole high and bending head
Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe:
Bring me but to the very brimme of it,
And Ile repayre the mifery thou do'ft beare
80 With fomething rich about me: from that place,
I fhall no leading neede.

Edg. Giue me thy arme;
Poore Tom fhall leade thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

7. ii.

Enter Gonerill, Baftard, and Steward.

Gon. Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Mafter?

Stew. Madam within, but neuer man fo chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He fmil'd at it. I told him you were comming,
His anfwer was, the worfe. Of Glofters Treachery,
And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong fide out:
10 What moft he fhould diflike, feemes pleafant to him;
What like, offenfiue.

IV. ii.

Gon. Then shall you goe no further,
 It is the cowards terror of his spirit
 That dares not undertake, heele not feele wrongs
 Which tie him to an answer, our wishes on the way
 May proude effects, backe *Edgar* to my brother;
 Haften his musters, and conduct his powers
 I must change armes at home, and giue the distaffe
 Into my husbands hands, this trusty seruant
 Shall passe betweene vs, ere long you are like to heare
 20 If you dare venture in your owne behalfe
 A mistresses command, weare this, spare speech,
 Decline your head: this kisse if it durst speake
 Would stretch thy spirits vp into the ayre,
 Conceau and far you well.

Bast. Yours in the ranks of death. (are dew

Gon. My most deer *Gloster*, to thee a womans seruices
 A foole vsurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord. *Exit Stew.*

Gon. I haue beene worth the whistling. (rude wind
 30 *Alb.* O *Gonoril*, you are not worth the dust which the
 Blowes in your face, I feare your disposition
 That nature which contemnes ith origin
 Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe,
 She that her selfe will flouer and disbranch
 From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,
 And come to deadly vfe.

Gon. No more, the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisedome and goodnes, to the vild seeme vild,
 Filths fauor but themselues, what haue you done?
 40 Tigers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
 A father, and a gracious aged man
 Whose reuerence euen the head-lugd beare would lick.
 Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded,
 Could my good brother suffer you to doe it?
 A man, a Prince, by him so benifted,
 If that the heauens doe not their visible spirits (come
 Send quickly downe to tame this vild offences, it will
 50 Humanity must perforce pray on it self like monsters of

Gon. Milke liuerd man (the deepe.]
 That bearest a cheeke for bloes, a head for wrongs,

i.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.

It is the Coward's terror of his spirit
That dares not undertake: Hee'll not feele wrongs
Which tie him to an answer: our wives on the way
May proue effects. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,
Haften his Musters, and conduct his powres.
I must change names at home, and giue the Distaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Seruant
Shall passe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare
) (If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A Mistresses command. Weare this; spare speech,
Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake
Would stretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:
Conceiue, and fare thee well.

Bast. Yours, in the ranks of death.

Exit.

Gon. My most deere Gloster.

[301b

Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans seruices are due,
My Foole vsurpes my body.

Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I haue beene worth the whistle.

Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,

50 You are not worth the dust which the rude winde
Blowes in your face.

50 *Gon.* Milke-Liuer'd man,
That bear'ft a cheek for blowes, a head for wrongs,

IV. ii.

Who haft not in thy browes an eye deferving thine honour,
 From thy suffering, [that not know'ft, fools do thofe vilains pittie
 Who are punifht ere they haue done their mifchiefe,
 Wher's thy drum? *France* fprede his banners in our noyfeles land,
 With plumed helme, thy ftate begins thereat
 Whil'ft thou a morall foole fits ftill and cries
 Alack why does he fo?]

60 *Alb.* See thy felfe deuill, proper deformity fhewes not in the
 fiend, fo horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole!

[*Alb.* Thou changed, and felfe-couerd thing for fhame
 Be-monfter not thy feature, wer't my finnes
 To let thefe hands obey my bloud,
 They are apt enough to diflecate and teare
 Thy fiefh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
 A womans fhape doth fhield thee.

Gon. Marry your manhood mew —

Alb. What newes.]

Enter a Gentleman.

70 *Gent.* O my good Lord the Duke of *Cornwals* dead, flaine by
 his feruant, going to put out the other eye of *Glofter*.

Alb. *Glofters* eyes?

Gon. A feruant that he bred, thrald with remorse,
 Oppos'd'againft the act, bending his fword
 To his great maifter, who thereat intraged
 Flew on him, and amongft them, feld him dead,
 But not without that harmefull ftroke, which fince
 Hath pluckt him after.

80 *Alb.* This fhewes you are about you luftifers,
 That thefe our nether crimes fo fpeedely can venge.
 But O poore *Glofter* loft he his other eye.

(anfwer,

[5

Gent. Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craues a fpeedy

Tis from your fifter.

Gon. One way I like this well,

But being widow and my *Glofter* with her,
 May all the building on my fancie plucke,
 Vpon my hatefull life, another way the newes is not fo tooke,
 Ile reade and anfwer. *Exit.*

Alb. Where was his fonne when they did take his eyes.

ii.

Who haft not in thy browes an eye-difcerning
Thine Honor, from thy fuffering.

Alb. See thy felfe diuell:

50 Proper deformitie feemes not in the Fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. Oh vaine Foole.

Enter a Meffenger.

70 *Mef.* Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwals* dead,
Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloufter.

Alb. Gloufters eyes.

Mef. A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd againft the act: bending his Sword
To his great Mafter, who, threat-enrag'd
Flew on him, and among'ft them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmefull ftroke, which fince
Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This fhewes you are aboue
You Iuftices, that thefe our neather crimes
80 So speedily can venge. But (O poore Gloufter)
Loft he his other eye?

Mef. Both, both, my Lord.
This Leter Madam, craues a speedy anfwer:
'Tis from your Sifter.

Gon. One way I like this well,
But being widdow, and my Gloufter with her,
May all the building in my fancie plucke
Vpon my hatefull life. Another way
The Newes is not fo tart. Ile read, and anfwer.

Alb. Where was his Sonne,
When they did take his eyes?

IV. ii.

90

Gent. Come with my Lady hither. *Alb.* He is not here.

Gent. No my good Lord I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse.

Gent. I my good Lord twas he informd against him,
And quit the house on purpose that there punishment
Might haue the freer course. (King,

Alb. Gloster I liue to thanke thee for the loue thou shewedst the

And to reuenge thy eyes, come hither friend,

Tell me what more thou knowest.

Exit.

IV. iii.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of *Fraunce* is so suddently gone backe,
know you no reason.

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his
comming forth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdome,
So much feare and danger that his personall returne was most re-
quired and necessaric.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him, General.

10 *Gent.* The Marshall of *France* Monfieur *la Far.* (of grieffe.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonstratiō

Gent. I say she tooke them, read them in my prefence,

And now and then an ample teare trild downe
Her delicate cheeke, it seemed she was a queene ouer her passion,
Who most rebell-like, fought to be King ore her.

Kent. O then it moued her.

Gent. Not to a rage, patience and sorow streame,
Who should expresse her goodliest you haue seene,
20 Sun shine and raine at once, her smiles and teares,
Were like a better way those happie smiles,
That playd on her ripe lip seeme not to know,
What guests were in her eyes which parted thence,
As pearles from diamonds dropt in brieffe,
Sorow would be a raritie most beloued,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verball question.

Gent. Faith once or twice she heau'd the name of father,
Pantingly forth as if it prest her heart,
Cried sisters, sisters, shame of Ladies sisters:

30 *Kent,* father, sisters, what ith storme ith night,

Let pitie not be beleest there she shooke,

The holy water from her heauenly eyes,

i.
u

Mef. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He is not heere.

Mef. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickedneffe?

Mef. I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd against him
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might haue the freer course.

Alb. Glouster, I liue
To thanke thee for the loue thou shew'dst the King,
And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'ft. *Exeunt.*

IV. iii.

And clamour moystened her, then away she started,
To deale with grieffe alone.

Kent. It is the stars, the stars aboue vs gouerne our conditions,
Else one selfe mate and make could not beget,
Such different iffues, you spoke not with her since.

Gent. No. *Kent.* Was this before the King returnd.

Gent. No, since.

40 *Kent.* Well fir, the poore distreffed *Lear's* ith towne,
Who some time in his better tune remembers,
What we are come about, and by no meanes will yeeld to see his

Gent. Why good fir? (daughter.

Kent. A foueraigne shame so elbows him his own vnkindnes
That stript her from his benediction turnd her,
To forraigne casualties gaue her deare rights,
To his dog-harted daughters, these things sting his mind,
So venomoufly that burning shame detaines him from *Cordelia*.

Gent. Alack poore Gentleman.

50 *Kent.* Of *Albanies* and *Cornewals* powers you heard not.

Gent. Tis so they are a foote.

Kent. Well fir, ile bring you to our maister *Lear*,
And leaue you to attend him some deere cause,
Will in concealement wrap me vp awhile,
When I am knowne aright you shall not greeue,
Lending me this acquaintance, I pray you go along with me.

Exit.

IV. iv.

Enter Cordelia, Doctor and others.

Cor. Alack tis he, why he was met euen now,
As mad as the vent sea finging aloud,
Crownd with ranke femiter and furrow weedes,
With hor-docks, hemlocke, netles, cookow flowers,
Darnell and all the idle weedes that grow,
In our sustayning, corne, a centurie is sent forth,
Search euery acre in the hie growne field,
And bring him to our eye, what can mans wifdome
10 In the restoring his bereued fence, he that can helpe him
Take all my outward worth.

Doct. There is meanes Madame.

Our foste nurfe of nature is repole,
The which he lackes that to prouoke in him,

IV. iv.

Are many simples operative whose power,
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cord. All blest secrets all you vnpublisht vertues of the earth,

Spring with my teares beaydant and remediat,
In the good mans distresse, seeke, seeke, for him,
Left his vngouernd rage diffolue the life.

20 That wants the meanes to lead it. *Enter messenger.*

Meſ. News Madam, the Brittiſh powers are marching hither-
(ward.

Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation ſtands,
In expectation of them, o deere father
It is thy buſines that I go about, therefore great *France*
My mourning and important teares hath pitied,
No blowne ambition doth our armes in fight
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd fathers right,
Soone may I heare and ſee him. *Exit.*

IV. v.

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brothers powers ſet forth?

Stew. I Madam. *Reg.* Himſelfe in perſon?

Stew. Madam with much ado, your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lady at home.

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my ſiſters letters to him?

Stew. I know not Lady.

Reg. Faith he is poſted hence on ſerious matter,
It was great ignorance, *Gloſters* eyes being out
10 To let him liue, where he ariues he moues
All harts againſt vs, and now I thinke is gone
In pitie of his miſery to diſpatch his nighted life,
Moreouer to diſcrie the ſtrength at'h army.

Stew. I muſt needs after him with my letters

Reg. Our troope ſets forth to morrow ſtay with vs,
The wayes are dangerous.

. iv.

Are many Simples operatiue, whose power
Will clofe the eye of Anguifh.

Cord. All bleft Secrets,
All you vnpublifh'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the Goodmans defires: feeke, feeke for him,
Leaft his vngouern'd rage, diffolue the life
20 That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter Messenger.

Meſ. Newes Madam,
The Brittiſh Powres are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy buſineſſe that I go about: Therefore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and ſee him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

V. v.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres ſet forth?

Stew. I Madam.

Reg. Himſelfe in perſon there?

Stew. Madam with much ado:

Your Siſter is the better Souldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lord at home?

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my Siſters Letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith he is poaſted hence on ſerious matter:

It was great ignorance, Glouſters eyes being out
10 To let him liue. Where he arriues, he moues
All hearts againſt vs: *Edmund*, I thinke is gone
In pittie of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life: Moreouer to deſery
The ſtrength o'th'Enemy.

Stew. I muſt needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.

Reg. Our troopes ſet forth to morrow, ſtay with vs:
The wayes are dangerous.

IV. ii.

Gon. Then shall you goe no further,
 It is the cowlish terror of his spirit
 That dares not vndertake, hele not feele wrongs
 Which tie him to an anfwere, our wifhes on the way
 May proue effects, backe *Edgar* to my brother,
 Haften his mufters, and conduct his powers
 I muft change armes at home, and giue the diftaffe
 Into my husbands hands, this trusty feruant
 Shall paffe betweene vs, ere long you are like to heare
 20 If you dare venture in your owne behalfe
 A mistreffes command, weare this, spare speech,
 Decline your head: this kiffe if it durft speake
 Would stretch thy spirits vp into the ayre,
 Conceaeue and far you well.

Bast. Yours in the ranks of death. (are dew)

Gon. My most deer *Gloster*, to thee a womans seruices
 A foole vfurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord. *Exit Stew.*

Gon. I haue beene worth the whiffling. (rude wind)

30 *Alb.* O *Gonoril*, you are not worth the duft which the
 Blowes in your face, ¶ feare your difpofition
 That nature which contemnes ith origin
 Cannot be bordered certaine in it felfe,
 She that her felfe will flouer and disbranch
 From her materiall fap, perforce muft wither,
 And come to deadly vfe.

Gon. No more, the text is foolifh.

Alb. Wifedome and goodnes, to the vild feeme vild,
 Filths fauor but themfelues, what haue you done?
 40 Tigers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
 A father, and a gracious aged man
 Whofe reuerence euen the head-lugd beare would lick.
 Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded,
 Could my good brother fuffer you to doe it?
 A man, a Prince, by him fo benifited,

If that the heauens doe not their vifible fpirits (come
 Send quickly downe to tame this vild offences, it will
 50 Humanity muft perforce pray on it felf like monfters of

Gon. Milke liuerd man (the deepe.]
 That bearest a cheek for bloes, a head for wrongs,

IV. ii.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.

It is the Coward's terror of his spirit
That dares not undertake: Hee'll not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an answer: our wifhes on the way
May proue effects. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,
Haften his Mufters, and conduct his powres.
I muft change names at home, and giue the Diftaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This trueftie Seruant
Shall paffe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare
20 (If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A Miftreffes command. Weare this; spare fpeech,
Decline your head. This kiffe, if it durft fpeake
Would ftretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:
Conceiue, and fare thee well.

Bast. Yours, in the ranks of death.

Exit.

Gon. My moft deere Glofter.

Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans feruices are due,
My Foole vfurpes my body.

[301b

Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I haue beene worth the whiffle.

Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,

30 You are not worth the duft which the rude winde
Blowes in your face.

50 *Gon.* Milke-Liuer'd man,
That bear'ft a cheek for blowes, a head for wrongs,

IV. ii.

Who haft not in thy browes an eye deferving thine honour,
 From thy fuffering, [that not know't, fools do thofe vilains pittie
 Who are punifht ere they haue done their mifchiefe,
 Wher's thy drum? *France* fpreds his banners in our noyfeles land,
 With plumed helme, thy ftate begins thereat
 Whil't thou a morall foole fits ftill and cries
 Alack why does he fo?]

60 *Alb.* See thy felfe deuill, proper deformity fhewes not in the
 fiend, fo horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole!

[*Alb.* Thou changed, and felfe-couerd thing for fhame
 Be-monfter not thy feature, wer't my fitnes
 To let thefe hands obay my bloud,
 They are apt enough to diflecate and teare
 Thy flefh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
 A womans fhape doth fhield thee.

Gon. Marry your manhood mew —

Alb. What newes.]

Enter a Gentleman.

70 *Gent.* O my good Lord the Duke of *Cornwals* dead, flaine by
 his feruant, going to put out the other eye of *Glofter*.

Alb. *Glofters* eyes?

Gen. A feruant that he bred, thrald with remorfe,
 Oppos'd'againft the act, bending his fword
 To his great maifter, who thereat intraged
 Flew on him, and amongft them, feld him dead,
 But not without that harmefull ftroke, which fince
 Hath pluckt him after.

80 *Alb.* This fhewes you are aboue you Iuftifers,
 That thefe our nether crimes fo fpeedely can venge.
 But O poore *Glofter* loft he his other eye.

(anfwer,

[58

Gent. Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craues a fpeedy

Tis from your fifter.

Gon. One way I like this well,

But being widow and my *Glofter* with her,
 May all the building on my fancie plucke,
 Vpon my hatefull life, another way the newes is not fo tooke,
 Ile reade and anfwer. *Exit.*

Alb. Where was his fonne when they did take his eyes.

7. ii.

Who haft not in thy browes an eye-difcerning
Thine Honor, from thy fuffering.

Alb. See thy felfe diuell:

60 *Proper deformitie feemes not in the Fiend
So horrid as in woman.*

Gon. Oh vaine Foole.

Enter a Mefenger.

70 *Mef.* Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwalls* dead,
Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloufter.

Alb. Gloufters eyes.

Mef. A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorfe,
Oppos'd againft the act: bending his Sword
To his great Mafter, who, threat-enrag'd
Flew on him, and among't them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmefull ftroke, which fince
Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This fhewes you are about
You Iuftices, that thefe our neather crimes
80 So fpeedily can venge. But (O poore Gloufter)
Loft he his other eye?

Mef. Both, both, my Lord.

This Leter Madam, craues a fpeedy anfwer:
'Tis from your Sifter.

Gon. One way I like this well,
But being widdow, and my Gloufter with her,
May all the building in my fancie plucke
Vpon my hatefull life. Another way
The Newes is not fo tart. Ile read, and anfwer.

Alb. Where was his Sonne,
When they did take his eyes?

IV. ii.

90 *Gent.* Come with my Lady hither. *Alb.* He is not here.

Gent. No my good Lord I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickedneffe.

Gent. I my good Lord twas he informd against him,
And quit the house on purpose that there punishment
Might haue the freer course. (King,

Alb. Gloster I liue to thanke thee for the loue thou shewedst the

And to reuenge thy eyes, come hither friend,

Tell me what more thou knowest.

Exit.

IV. iii.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of *Fraunce* is so suddently gone backe,
know you no reason.

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his
comming forth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdome,
So much feare and danger that his personall returne was most re-
quired and necessarie.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him, General.

10 *Gent.* The Marshall of *France* Monfieur *la Far.* (of grieffe.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queene to any demonstratiō

Gent. I say she tooke them, read them in my prefence,
And now and then an ample teare trild downe
Her delicate cheeke, it seemed she was a queene ouer her passion,
Who most rebell-like, fought to be King ore her.

Kent. O then it moued her.

Gent. Not to a rage, patience and sorow streame,
Who should expresse her goodliest you haue seene,
20 Sun shine and raine at once, her smiles and teares,
Were like a better way those happie smiles,
That playd on her ripe lip seeme not to know,
What guests were in her eyes which parted thence,
As pearles from diamonds dropt in briefe,
Sorrow would be a raritie most beloued,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verball question.

Gent. Faith once or twice she heau'd the name of father,
Pantingly forth as if it prest her heart,
Cried sisters, sisters, shame of Ladies sisters:

30 *Kent,* father, sisters, what ith storme ith night,

Let pitie not be beleest there she shooke,

The holy water from her heauenly eyes,

ii.
90

Meſ. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He is not heere.

Meſ. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickedneſſe?

Meſ. I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd againſt him
And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might haue the freer courſe.

Alb. Glouſter, I liue

To thanke thee for the loue thou ſhew'dſt the King,
And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'ſt.

Exeunt.

IV. vi.

Lear. No they cannot touch mee for coyning, I am the king
(himselſe).

Edg. O thou fide pearcing fight.

Lear. Nature is about Art in that respect, ther's your preſſe
money, that fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper, draw me
90 a clothiers yard, looke, looke a mowfe, peace, peace, this tofted
cheefe will do it, ther's my gauntlet, ile proue it on a gyant, bring
vp the browne-billes, O well flowne bird in the ayre, hagh, giue
the word?

Edg. Sweet Margerum.

Lear. Paffe.

Gloſt. I know that voyce.

Lear. Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flattered mee like a dogge,
and tould me I had white haire in my beard, ere the black ones
100 were there, to ſay I and no, to euery thing I faide, I and no toe,
was no good diuinitie, when the raine came to wet me once, and
the winde to make mee chatter, when the thunder would not
peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I ſmelt them out,
goe toe, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was
euery thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-prooffe.

Gloſt. The trickes of that voyce I doe well remember, iſt not
the King?

110 *Lear.* I euer inch a King when I do ſtare, ſee how the ſubiect
quakes, I pardon that mans life, what was thy cauſe, adultery?
thou ſhalt not die for adulterie, no the wren goes toot, and the
ſmal gilded fie doe letcher in my ſight, let copulation thriue,
for *Gloſters* baſtard ſon was kinder to his father then my daugh-
ters got tweene the lawfull ſheets, toot luxurie, *pell*, *mell*, for I
120 lacke ſouldiers, behold yon ſimpring dame whoſe face between
her forkes preſageth ſnow, that minces vertue, and do ſhake the
head heare of pleaſures name to ſichew nor the foyled horſe
goes toot with a more riotous appetite, down frō the waſt tha're
centaures, though women all aboute, but to the girdle doe the
130 gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, thers hell, thers darkneſſe,
ther's the ſulphury pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, confumation,
fie, fie, fie, pah, pah, Giue mee an ounce of Ciuet, good Apo-
thocarie, to ſweeten my imagination, ther's money for thee.

vi.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the King himselfe.

Edg. O thou fide-piercing fight!

Lear. Nature's above Art, in that respect. Ther's your Puffe-Money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-keeper: draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a

90 *Moufe:* peace, peace, this peece of toafted Cheefe will doo't. There's my Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant. Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird: i'th' clout, i'th'clout: Hewgh. Giue the word.

Edg. Sweet Mariorum.

Lear. Paffe.

[303b

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill* with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in
100 my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To say I, and no, to euery thing that I said: I, and no too, was no good Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go too, they are not men o'their words; they told me, I was euery thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-prooffe.

Glou. The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember: Is't not the King?

Lear. I, euery inch a King.

110 When I do stare, see how the Subiect quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause?
Adultery? thou shalt not dye: dye for Adultery?
No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly
Do's lecher in my fight. Let Copulation thriue:
For Glousters bastard Son was kinder to his Father,
Then my Daughters got 'twene the lawfull sheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.

120 Behold yond simpring Dame, whose face betweene her
Forkes prefaces Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's skake
the head to heare of pleafures name. The Fitchew, nor
the soyled Horfe goes too't with a more riotous appe-
tite: Downe from the wafte they are Centaures, though
Women all about: but to the Girdle do the Gods inhe-
130 rit, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darke-
nes, there is the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding, stench,
consumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Giue me an Ounce
of Ciuet; good Apothecary sweeten my immagination:
There's money for thee.

IV. vi.

Gloft. O let me kiffe that hand.*Lear.* Here wipe it firft, it fmels of mortalitie.*Gloft.* O ruind peece of nature, this great world fhould fo weare out to naught, do you know me?140 *Lear.* I remember thy eyes well inough, doft thou fquiny on me, no do thy worft blind *Cupid*, ile not loue, reade thou that challenge, marke the penning oft.*Gloft.* Were all the letters funnes I could not fee one.*Edg.* I would not take this from report, it is, and my heart breakes at it. *Lear.* Read. *Gloft.* What! with the cafe of eyes150 *Lear.* O ho, are you there with me, no eyes in your head, nor no mony in your purfe, your eyes are in a heauie cafe, your purfe in a light, yet you fee how this world goes.*Gloft.* I fee it feelingly.160 *Lear.* What art mad, a man may fee how the world goes with no eyes, looke with thy eares, fee how yon Iuftice railes vpon yon fimple theefe, harke in thy eare handy, dandy, which is the theefe, which is the Iuftice, thou haft feene a farmers dogge barke at a begger. *Gloft.* I fir.*Lear.* And the creature runne from the cur, there thou mightft behold the great image of authoritie, a dogge, fo bade in office, thou rafcall beadle hold thy bloody hand, why doft thou lafh that whore, ftrip thine owne backe, thy bloud hotly lufts to vfe her in that kind for which thou whipft her, the vferer hangs the cofioner, through tottered raggs, fmal vices do appeare, robes & furd-gownes hides all, get thee glaffe eyes, and like a fcuruy politician feeme to fee the things thou doeft not, no now pull off my bootes, harder, harder, fo.

vi.

Glou. O let me kiffe that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it firft,
It fmelles of Mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world
Shall fo weare out to naught.
Do'ft thou know me?

140 *Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough: doft thou
fquiny at me? No, doe thy worft blinde Cupid, Ile not
loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning
of it.

Glou. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not fee.

Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What with the Cafe of eyes?

150 *Lear.* Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your
head, nor no mony in your purfe? Your eyes are in a hea-
uy cafe, your purfe in a light, yet you see how this world
goes.

Glou. I fee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may fee how this world
goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how
yond Iuftice railes vpon yond fimple theefe. Hearke in
thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is
the Iuftice, which is the theefe: Thou haft feene a Far-
mers dogge barke at a Beggar?

160 *Glou.* I Sir.

170 *Lear.* And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou
might'ft behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's
obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascall Beadle, hold thy bloody
hand: why doft thou lafh that Whore? Strip thy owne
backe, thou hotly luftes to vfe her in that kind, for which
thou whip'ft her. The Vfurer hangs the Cozener. Tho-
rough tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes,
and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place finnes with Gold, and
the ftrong Lance of Iuftice, hurtleffe breakes: Arme it in
ragges, a Pigmies ftraw do's pierce it. None do's offend,
none, I fay none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend,
who haue the power to feale th'accufers lips. Get thee
glaffe-eyes, and like a fcuruy Politician, feeme to fee the
things thou doft not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my
Bootes: harder, harder, fo.

[304a

IV. vi.

Edg. O matter and impertinencie mixt reason in madnesse.

180 *Lear.* If thou wilt weepe my fortune take my eyes, I knowe thee well inough thy name is *Gloster*, thou must be patient, we came crying hither, thou knowest the first time that we smell the aire, we wayl and cry, I will preach to thee marke me.

Goff. Alack alack the day.

Lear. VVhen we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this great stage of fooles, this a good blocke. It were a delicate sfracagem to shoot a troupe of horse with fell, & when I haue stole
190 vpon these sonne in lawes, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill. [66

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is, lay hands vpon him first, your most deere

Lear. No rescue, what a prisoner, I am eene the naturall foole of Fortune, vse me well you shall haue rancome, let mee haue a churcion I am cut to the braines.

Gent. You shall haue any thing.

Lear. No seconds, all my selfe, why this would make a man
200 of salt to vse his eyes for garden waterpots, I and laying Autums duft.

Lear. I will die brauely like a bridegroom, what? I will be Iouiall, come, come, I am a King my maisters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then theres life int, nay and you get it you shall get it with running.

Exit King running.

Gent. A fight most pitifull in the meanest wretch, past
210 king of in a king: thou hast one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curse which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle fir.

Gent. Sir speed you, whats your will.

Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward.

Gent. Most sure and vulgar euery one here's that That can distinguiſh fence.

Edg. But by your fauour how neers the other army.

Gent. Neere and on speed fort the maine descryes, Standst on the howlerly thoughts.

vi.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt,
Reason in Madnesse.

180 *Lear.* If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Glouster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the Ayre
We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.

Glou. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of Fooles. This a good blocke:
It were a delicate stratagem to shoo
A Troope of Horse with Felt: Ile put't in proofe,
190 And when I haue stolne vpon these Son in Lawes,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir.
Your most deere Daughter ——

Lear. No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am euen
The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Vse me well,
You shall haue ranome. Let me haue Surgeons,
I am cut to'th'Braines.

Gent. You shall haue any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my selfe?
Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt
200 To vse his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die brauely,
Like a smugge Bridegroom. What? I will be Iouiall:
Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
You shall get it by running: Sa, fa, fa, fa. *Exit.*

Gent. A fight most pittifull in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter
210 Who redeemes Nature from the generall curse
Which twaine haue brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar:

Euery one heares that, which can distinguiſh sound.

Edg. But by your fauour:

How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on speedy foot: the maine desery
Stands on the hourelly thought.

IV. vi.

Edg. I thanke you fir thats all.*Gent.* Though that the Queene on speciall caufe is here,220 *Hir* army is moued on. *Edg.* I thanke you fir. *Exit.**Gloft.* You euer gentle gods take my breath from me,

Let not my worfer spirit tempt me againe,

To dye before you please. *Edg.* Well, pray you father.*Gloft.* Now good fir what are you.*Edg.* A most poore man made lame by Fortunes blowes,

Who by the Art of knowne and feeling forrowes

Am pregnant to good pittie, giue me your hand

Ile leade you to some biding.

230 *Gloft.* Hartie thankes, the bornet and beniz of heauen to [67
saue thee. *Enter Steward.**Stew.* A proclaimed prize, most happy, that eyles head of thine
was framed flesh to rayle my fortunes, thou most vnhappy tray-
tor, briefly thy selfe remember, the sword is out that must de-
stroy thee.*Gloft.* Now let thy friendly hand put strength enough to't.*Stew.* VVherefore bould pefant durst thou support a publiht
traytor, hence leaft the infection of his fortune take like hold on
thee, let goe his arme?240 *Edg.* Chill not let goe fir without cagion.*Stew.* Let goe slaue, or thou dieft.*Edg.* Good Gentleman goe your gate, let poore voke passe,
and chud haue beene swaggar'd out of my life, it would not haue
beene so long by a fortnight, nay come not neare the old man,
keepe out, cheuore ye, or ile trie whether your cofter or my bat-
tero be the harder, ile be plaine with you.*Stew.* Out dunghill.*they fight.*250 *Edg.* Chill pick your teeth fir, come, no matter for your foyns.*Stew.* Slaue thou haft flaine me, villaine take my purffe,
If euer thou wilt thriue, burie my bodie,
And giue the letters which thou find'ft about me

vi.

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special caufe is here
 220 Her Army is mou'd on. *Exit.*

Edg. I thanke you Sir.

Glou. You euer gentle Gods, take my breath from me,
 Let not my worfer Spirit tempt me againe
 To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glou. Now good fir, what are you?

Edg. A most poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows
 Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling sorrowes,
 Am pregnant to good pittie. Giue me your hand,
 Ile leade you to some biding.

Glou. Heartie thankes:

The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen
 230 To boot, and boot.

[304b

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: most happie
 That eyeleffe head of thine, was first fram'd flesh
 To raise my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor,
 Breefely thy selfe remember: the Sword is out
 That must destroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
 Put strength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant,
 Dar'ft thou support a publih'd Traitor? Hence,
 Least that th'infection of his fortune take
 Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir,
 240 Without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go Slaue, or thou dy'ft.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore
 volke passe: and 'chud ha' bin zwaggerd out of my life,
 'twould not ha'bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay,
 come not neere th'old man: keepe out che vor'ye, or ice
 try whither your Costard, or my Ballow be the harder;
 chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor
 250 your foynes.

Stew. Slaue thou haft flaine me: Villain, take my purfe;
 If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my bodie,
 And giue the Letters which thou find'ft about me,

IV. vi.

To *Edmund* Earle of *Gloster*, seeke him out vpon
The *British* partie, ð vntimely death! death. *He dies.*

Edg. I know thee well, a seruiceable villaine,
As dutious to the vices of thy mistres, as badnes would
(desire.

Glozt. What is he dead?

260 *Edg.* Sit you down father, rest you lets see his pockets
These letters that he speakes of may be my friends,
Hee's dead, I am only forrow he had no other deathmā
Let vs see, leaue gentle waxe, and manners blame vs not
To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawfull.

Let your recipocall vowes bee remembred, you haue many
opportunities to cut him off, if your will want not, time and place
270 will be fruitfully offered, there is nothing done, If he returne the
conquerour, then am I the prifoner, and his bed my gayle, from
the lothed warmth whereof deliuer me, and supply the place for
your labour, your wife (so I would say) your affectionate seruant [68
and for you her owne for *Venter, Gonorill.*

Edg. O Indistinguisht space of womans wit,
A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life,
280 And the exchange my brother heere in the sands,
Thee ile rake vp, the poft vnfanctified
Of murtherous leachers, and in the mature time,
With this vngratious paper strike the fight
Of the death practif'd Duke, for him tis well,
That of thy death and bufinesse I can tell.

Glozt. The King is mad, how stiffe is my vild fence,

That I stand vp and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge forowes, better I were diftract,
So should my thoughts be fenced from my griefes,

290 And woes by wrong imaginations loofe
The knowledge of themfelues. *A drum a farre off.*

Edg. Giue me your hand far off me thinks I heare the beaten
Come father ile bestow you with a friend. *Exit.* (drum,

vi.

To *Edmund* Earle of Glouster: seeke him out
Vpon the English party. Oh vntimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A seruiceable Villaine,
As duteous to the vices of thy Mistris,
As badneffe would desire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

260 *Edg.* Sit you downe Father; rest you.

Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speakes of
May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely sorry
He had no other Deathman. Let vs see:
Leaue gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not
To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts,
Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

270 **L***Et our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You haue manie
opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and
place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If hee
returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his bed, my
Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliuer me, and sup-
ply the place for your Labour.*

*Your (Wife, so I would say) affectionate
Seruant. Gonerill.*

Oh indinguish'd space of Womans will,
A plot vpon her vertuous Husbands life,
280 And the exchange my Brother: heere, in rhe sands
Thee Ile rake vp, the poste vnfanctified
Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,
With this vngracious paper strike the fight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death, and bufineffe, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad:

How stiffe is my vilde sense
That I stand vp, and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were diftract,
So should my thoughts be feuer'd from my greefes,

Drum afarre off.

290 And woes, by wrong imaginations loofe
The knowledge of themselues.

[305a

Edg. Giue me your hand:

Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme.
Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend.

Exeunt.

IV. vi.

IV. vii.

Enter Cordelia, Kent and Doctor. (thy goodnes,

Cord. O thou good *Kent* how shall I liue and worke to match
My life will be too fhort and euery meafure faile me.

Kent. To be acknowlegd madame is ore payd,
All my reports go with the modeft truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but fo.

Cor. Be better fuited thefe weeds are memories of thofe
Worfer howers, I prithe put them off.

Kent. Pardon me deere madame,
Yet to be knowne fhortens my made intent,
10 My boone I make it that you know me not,
Till time and I thinke meete.

Cord. Then beet fo, my good Lord how does the king.

Doct. Madame fleepes ftill. (nature,

Cord. O you kind Gods cure this great breach in his abufed

The vntund and hurrying fences, O wind vp
Of this child changed father.

Doct. So pleafe your Maieftie that we may wake the king,
He hath fleeped long.

Cord. Be gouerned by your knowledge and proceed,
20 Ith fway of your owne will is he arayd,

[69

Doct. I madam, in the heauineffe of his fleepe,
We put frefh garments on him,

Gent. Good madam be by, when we do awake him
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cord. Very well.

Doct. Pleafe you draw neere, louder the muficke there,

Cor. O my deer father reftoratiō hang thy medicin on my lips,
And let this kis repaire thofe violent harmes that my two fifters
Haue in thy reuerence made.

Kent. Klned and deere Princeffe,

Scæna Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
 How shall I live and worke
 To match thy goodnesse?
 My life will be too short,
 And every measure faile me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pai'd,
 All my reports go with the modest truth,
 Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited,
 These weedes are memories of those worser houres:
 I prythee put them off.

Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
 Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,
 10 My boone I make it, that you know me not,
 Till time, and I, thinke meet.

Cor. Then be't fo my good Lord:
 How do's the King?

Gent. Madam sleepest still.

Cor. O you kind Gods!
 Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,
 Th'vntun'd and iarring senses, O winde vp,
 Of this childe-changed Father.

Gent. So please your Maiesty,
 That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?

Cor. Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
 20 I'th'fway of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Seruants

Gent. I Madam: in the heauinesse of sleepe,
 We put fresh garments on him.
 Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
 I doubt of his Temperance.

Cor. O my deere Father, restauration hang
 Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse
 Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters
 Haue in thy Reuerence made.

Kent. Kind and deere Princeesse,

IV. vii.

30 *Cord.* Had you not bene their father these white flakes,
 Had challengd pitie of them, was this a face
 To be expofd againft the warring winds,
 To ftand againft the deepe dread bolted thunder,
 In the moft terrible and nimble ftroke
 Of quick croffe lightning to watch poore *Per du*,
 With this thin helme mine iniurious dogge,
 Though he had bit me, fhould haue ftood that night
 Againft my fire, and waft thou faine poore father,
 To houill thee with fwine and rogues forlorne,
 40 In fhort and muftie ftraw, alack, alack,
 Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
 Had not concluded all, he wakes fpeake to him.

Doct. Madam do you, tis fitteft.

Cord. How does my royall Lord, how fares your maieftie.

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out ath graue,
 Thou art a foule in bliffe, but I am bound
 Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
 Do fcald like molten lead.

Cord. Sir know me.

Lear. Yar a fpirit I know, where did you dye.

50 *Cord.* Still, ftill, farre wide.

Doct. Hees scarce awake, let him alone a while.

Lear. Where haue I bene, where am I faire day light,

I am mightily abufd, I fhould ene dye with pitie,
 To fee another thus, I know not what to fay,
 I will not fwear thefe are my hands, lets fee,
 I feele this pin pricke, would I were affur'd of my condition. [70

Cord. O looke vpon me fir, and hold your hands in benedicti-
 on or'e me, no fir you muft not kneele.

Lear. Pray doe not mocke,

60 I am a very foolifh fond old man,
 Fourefcore and vpward, and to deale plainly

I feare I am not in my perfect mind,
 Mee thinks I fhould know you, and know this man;
 Yet I am doubtfull, for I am mainly ignorant

vii.

30 *Cor.* Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes
Did challenge pittie of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the iarring windes?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should haue stood that night against my fire,
And was't thou faine (poore Father)

To houell thee with Swineand Rogues forlorne,
40 In fhort, and mufty straw? Alacke, alacke,
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Gen. Madam do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How fares your Maiefty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th'graue,
Thou art a Soule in bliffe, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scald, like molten Lead.

[305b

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?

50 *Cor.* Still, still, farre wide.

Gen. He's scarce awake,
Let him alone a while.

Lear. Where haue I bin?
Where am I? Faire day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I should eu'n dye with pittie
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not sweare these are my hands: let's see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were affur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O looke vpon me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You must not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke me:
60 I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourefcore and vpward,
Not an houre more, nor lesse:
And to deale plainely,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainely ignorant

IV. vii.

What place this is, and all the skill I haue
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night, doe not laugh at me,
For as I am a man, I thinke this Ladie

70 To be my child *Cordelia*. *Cord.* And so I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet, yes faith, I pray weep not,

If you haue poyson for mee I will drinke it,
I know you doe not loue me, for your sifters
Haue as I doe remember, done me wrong,
You haue some cause, they haue not.

Cord. No cause, no cause. *Lear.* Am I in *France*?

Kent. In your owne kingdome sir.

Lear. Doe not abuse me?

Doct. Be comforted good Madame, the great rage you see is
80 cured in him, and yet it is danger to make him euen ore the time
hee has lost, desire him to goe in, trouble him no more till further
setling: *Cord.* Wilt please your highnes walke?

Lear. You must beare with me, pray now forget and forgiue,
I am old and foolish. *Exeunt. Manet Kent and Gent.*

[*Gent.* Holds it true sir that the Duke of *Cornwall* was so flaine?

Kent. Most certaine sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As tis said, the bastard sonne of *Gloster*.

90 *Gent.* They say *Edgar* his banisht sonne is with the Earle of
Kent in *Germanie*.

Kent. Report is changeable, tis time to looke about,
The powers of the kingdome approach apace.

Gent. The arbiterment is like to be bloudie, fare you well sir.

Kent. My poynt and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this dayes battels fought. *Exit.* } [7

V. i.

Enter Edmund, Regan, and their powers.

Bast. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is aduis'd by ought
To change the course, he's full of abdication
And selfe reproving, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our sifters man is certainly miscaried.

7. vii.

What place this is: and all the skill I haue
Remembers not these garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge laft night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady

70 To be my childe *Cordelia*.

Cor. And fo I am: I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet?

Yes faith: I pray weepe not,
If you haue poyfon for me, I will drinke it:
I know you do not loue me, for your Sifters
Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You haue some caufe, they haue not.

Cor. No caufe, no caufe.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir.

Lear. Do not abufe me.

Gen. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You see is kill'd in him: defire him to go in,
Trouble him no more till further fetling.

Cor. Wilt please your Highneffe walke?

Lear. You mult beare with me:

Pray you now forget, and forgiue,
I am old and foolifh.

Exeunt .

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

V. i.

*Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan,
Gentlemen, and Souldiers.*

Bast. Know of the Duke if his laft purpofe hold,
Or whether fince he is aduis'd by ought
To change the courfe, he's full of alteration,
And felfereprouing, bring his conftant pleafure.

Reg. Our Sifters man is certainly mifcarried.

V. i.

Bast. Tis to be doubted Madam,*Reg.* Now sweet Lord,

You know the goodnes I intend vpon you,
 Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,
 Doe you not loue my sifter?

Bast. I, honor'd loue.

10 *Reg.* But haue you neuer found my brothers way,
 To the forfended place? [*Bast.* That thought abuses you.]

Reg. I am doubtfull that you haue beene coniunct and bo-
 som'd with hir, as far as we call hirs.]

Bast. No by mine honour Madam. (with her.)*Reg.* I neuer fhall indure hir, deere my Lord bee not familiar*Bast.* Feare me not, flee and the Duke her husband.*Enter Albany and Gonorill with troupes.*

[*Gono.* I had rather loofe the battaile, then that sifter should
 loofen him and mee.]

20 *Alb.* Our very louing sifter well be-met
 For this I heare the King is come to his daughter
 With others, whome the rigour of our state
 Forft to crie out, where I could not be honest

I neuer yet was valiant, for this bufines
 It touches vs, as *France* inuades our land
 Not holds the King, with others whome I feare,
 Moft iuft and heauy caufes make oppofe.

Bast. Sir you speake nobly.] *Reg.* Why is this reafon'd?*Gono.* Combine together gainft the enemy,

30 For thefe domeftique dore particulars
 Are not to queftion here.

Alb. Let vs then determine with the auntient of warre on our proceedings. *Bast.* I fhall attend you prefently at your tent.*Reg.* Sifter you'l goe with vs? *Gon.* No.*Reg.* Tis moft conuenient, pray you goe with vs.*Gon.* O ho, I know the riddle, I will goe. *Enter Edgar* [72

Edg. If ere your Grace had fpeech with man fo poore,
 Heare me one word. *Exeunt.*

Alb. Ile ouertake you, speake.

40 *Edg.* Before you fight the battell ope this letter,
 If you haue victory let the trumpet found
 For him that brought it, wretched though I feeme,

V. i.

Bast. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord,

You know the goodnesse I intend vpon you:
T'ell me but truly, but then speake the truth,
Do you not loue my Sifter?

[306a

Bast. In honour'd Loue.

10 *Reg.* But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?

Bast. No by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I neuer shall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.

Bast. Feare not, she and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

20 *Alb.* Our very louing Sifter, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.

Regan. Why is this reafond?

30 *Gone.* Combine together 'gainst the Enemie:
For these domesticke and particurlar broiles,
Are not the question heere.

Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sifter you'le go with vs?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most conuenient, pray go with vs.

Gon. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heare me one word.

Alb. Ile ouertake you, speake.

40 *Edg.* Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter:
If you haue victory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I feeme,

V. i.

I can produce a champion that will proue
 What is auowched there, if you miscary,
 Your bufines of the world hath fo an end,
 Fortune loue you, *Alb.* Stay till I haue read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it, when time fhall ferue let but the Herald
 cry, and ile appeare againe. *Exit.*

60 *Alb.* Why fare thee well, I will ore-looke the paper.

Enter Edmund.

Ba/t. The enemies in vew, draw vp your powers
 Hard is the queffe of their great ftrength and forces
 By diligent difcouery, but your haft is now vrg'd on you.

Alb. Wee will greet the time. *Exit.*

Ba/t. To both thefe fifter haue I fworne my loue,
 Each ieaious of the other as the fting are of the Adder,
 Which of them fhall I take, both one or neither, neither can bee
 (inioy'd

If both remaine aliue, to take the widdow
 60 Exasperates, makes mad her fifter *Gonorill*,
 And hardly fhall I cary out my fide
 Her husband being aliue, now then we'le vfe
 His countenadce for the battaile, which being done
 Let her that would be rid of him deuife
 His speedie taking off, as for his mercy
 Which he entends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*:
 The battaile done, and they within our power
 Shall neuer fee his pardon, for my ftate
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

V. ii. *Alarum.* *Enter the powers of France ouer the ftage, Cordelia with
 her father in her hand.*

Enter Edgar and Glofter.

Edg. Here father, take the fhaddow of this bufh
 For your good hoaft, pray that the right may thriue
 If euer I returne to you againe ile bring you comfort. *Exit.* [73

Gloft. Grace goe with you fir. *Alarum and retreat.*

V. i.

I can produce a Champion, that will proue
What is auouched there. If you_mifcarry,
Your bufineffe of the world hath fo an end,
And machination ceafes. Fortune loues you.

Alb. Stay till I haue read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it:

When time fhall ferue, let but the Herald cry,
And He appeare againe.

Exit.

50 *Alb.* Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Bast. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Heere is the gueffe of their true ftrength and Forces,
By dilligent difcouerie, but your haft
Is now vrg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

Exit.

Bast. To both thefe Sifters haue I fworne my loue:

Each iealous of the other, as the ftung
Are of the Adder. Which of them fhall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue: To take the Widdow,

60 *Exalperates, makes mad her Sifter Gonerill,*

And hardly fhall I carry out my fide,
Her husband being aliue. Now then, wee'l vfe
His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deuife
His speedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The Battaile done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer fee his pardon: for my ftate,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[306b]

Scena Secunda.

V. ii. *Alarum within. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear,
Cordelia, and Souldiers, ouer the Stage, and Exeunt.*

Enter Edgar, and Gloster.

Edg. Heere Father, take the fhadow of this Tree
For your good hoaft: pray that the right may thriue:
If euer I returne to you againe,
He bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you Sir.

Exit.

Alarum and Retreat within.

V. ii.

Edg. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away,
King *Lear* hath loft, he and his daughter taine,
Giue me thy hand, come on.

Gloſt. No farther fir, a man may rot euen here.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe men muſt indure,

- 10 Their going hence, euen as their coming hither,
Ripenes is all come on.

V. iii.

Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia priſoners.

Baſt. Some officers take them away, good guard
Vntill their greater pleaſures beſt be knowne
That are to censure them. (incurd

Cor. We are not the firſt who with beſt meaning haue
The worſt, for thee oppreſſed King am I caſt downe,

My ſelfe could elſe outfrowne falſe Fortunes frowne,
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters, and theſe ſiſters?

- Lear.* No, no, come lets away to priſon
We two alone will ſing like birds it'h cage,
10 When thou doſt aſke me bleſſing, ile kneele downe
And aſke of thee forgiuenes, ſo wee le liue
And pray, and ſing and tell old tales and laugh
At guilded butterflies, and heare poore rogues
Talke of Court newes, and wee le talke with them to,
Who looſes, and who wins, whoſe in, whoſe out,
And take vpon's the miſtery of things
As if we were Gods ſpies, and wee le weare out
In a wal'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones
That ebbe and flow bith' Moone.

Baſt. Take them away.

- 20 *Lear.* Vpon ſuch ſacrifices my *Cordelia*,
The Gods theſelues throw incenſe, haue I caught thee?

He that parts vs ſhall bring a brand from heauen,
And fire vs hence like Foxes, wipe thine eyes,
The good ſhall deuoure em, fleach and fell

ii.

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:
King *Lear* hath loft, he and his Daughter tane,
Giue me thy hand: Come on.

Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot euen heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe?

Men muft endure

10 Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripeneffe is all come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

ii. *Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear,
and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.*

Bast. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Vntill their greater pleasures first be knowne
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,

Who with best meaning haue incurr'd the worst:
For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,
My selfe could elfe out-frowne false Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no: come let's away to prifon,
We two alone will sing like Birds i'th'Cage:

0 When thou dost aske me blessing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiueneffe: So wee'l liue,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)
Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,
Who loofes, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take vpon's the myftery of things,
As if we were Gods spies: And wee'l weare out
In a wall'd prifon, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by th'Moone.

Bast. Take them away.

0 *Lear.* Vpon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*,

The Gods themfelues throw Incense.

Haue I caught thee?

He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heauen,
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,
The good yeares shall deuoure them, flesh and fell,

V. iii.

Ere they fhall make vs weepe? wele fee vm ftarue firft,
(come.

Baft. Come hither Captaine, harke.

Take thou this note, goe follow them to prifon,
And ftep, I haue aduanct thee, if thou doft
As this instructs thee, thou doft make thy way
30 To noble fortunes, know thou this that men
Are as the time is, to be tender minded
Does not become a fword, thy great imployment
Will not beare queftion, either fay thout do't,
Or thriue by other meanes.

Cap. Ile do't my Lord.

Baft. About it, and write happy when thou haft don,
Marke I fay instantly, and carie it fo
As I haue fet it downe.

Cap. I cannot draw a cart, nor eate dride oats,
If it bee mans worke ile do't.

Enter Duke, the two Ladies, and others.

40 *Alb.* Sir you haue fhewed to day your valiant ftrain,
And Fortune led you well you haue the captiues
That were the oppofites of this dayes strife,
We doe require then of you, fo to vfe them,
As we fhall find their merits, and our fafty
May equally determine.

Baft. Sir I thought it fit,
To faue the old and miserable King to fome retention,
Whofe age has charmes in it, whofe title more
To pluck the coren boffom of his fide,
50 And turne our impreft launces in our eyes
Which doe commaund them, with him I fent the queen
My reafon, all the fame and they are realie to morrow,
Or at further fpace, to appeare where you fhall hold
Your feffion [at this time, mee fwat and bleed,
The friend hath loft his friend, and the beft quarrels
In the heat are curft, by thofe that feele their fharpes,
The queftion of *Cordelia* and her father
Requires a fitter place.]

Alb. Sir by your patience,
60 I hold you but a fubiect of this warre, not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we lift to grace him,
Me thinks our pleaſure fhould haue beene demanded
Ere you had fpoke fo farre, he led our powers,

ii.

Ere they fhall make vs weepe?

Weele fee e'm ftaru'd firft: come.

Exit.

[307a

Bast. Come hither Captaine, hearke.

Take thou this note, go follow them to prifon,

One ftap I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'ft

As this instructs thee, thou doft make thy way

To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men

Are as the time is; to be tender minded

Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment

Will not beare question: either fay thou'lt do't,

Or thrive by other meanes.

Capt. Ile do't my Lord.

Bast. About it, and write happy, when th'haft done,

Marke I fay instantly, and carry it fo

As I haue fet it downe.

Exit Captaine.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you haue fhew'd to day your valiant ftaine

And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues

Who were the opposites of this dayes ftife:

I do require them of you fo to vse them,

As we fhall find their merites, and our fafety

May equally determine.

Bast. Sir, I thought it fit,

To fend the old and miferable King to fome retention,

Whole age had Charmes in it, whole Title more,

To plucke the common bofome on his fide,

And turne our impreft Launces in our eies

Which do command them. With him I fent the Queen:

My reafon all the fame, and they are ready

To morrow, or at further fpace, t'apppeare

Where you fhall hold your Seffion.

Alb Sir, by your patience,

I hold you but a fubieft of this Warre,

Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we lift to grace him.

Methinkes our pleafure might haue bin demanded

Ere you had fpoke fo farre. He led our Powers,

V. iii.

[75

Bore the commiffion of my place and perfon,
The which imediate may well ftand vp,
And call it felfe your brother.

Gono. Not fo hot, in his owne grace hee doth exalt himfelfe
more then in your aduancement.

Reg. In my right by me inuefted he com-peers the beft.

70 *Gon.* That were the moft, if hee fhould husband you.

Reg. Iefters doe oft proue Prophets.

Gon. Hola, hola, that eye that told you fo, lookt but a fquint.

Reg. Lady I am not well, els I fhould anfwere
From a full flowing ftomack, Generall
Take thou my fouldiers, prifoners, patrimonie,

Witnes the world that I create thee here
My Lord and maifter.

Gon. Meane you to inioy him then?

Alb The let alone lies not in your good will.

80 *Baft.* Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe blouded fellow, yes.

Baft. Let the drum ftrike, and proue my title good.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reafon, *Edmund* I arreft thee

On capitall treason, and in thine attaint,
This gilded Serpent, for your claime faire fifter
I bare it in the intereft of my wife,
Tis fhe is fubcontracted to this Lord
And I her husband contradict the banes,
If you will mary, make your loue to me,
90 My Lady is befpoke, thou art arm'd *Glofter*,

If none appeare to proue vpon thy head,
Thy hainous, manifelt, and many treafons,
There is my pledge, ile proue it on thy heart
Ere I taft bread, thou art in nothing leffe
Then I haue here proclaimd thee.

Reg. Sicke, ô ficke.

Gon. If not, ile ne're trufft poyfon.

Baft. Ther's my exchange, what in the world he is,
That names me traytor, villain-like he lies,

V. iii.

Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacie may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your Brother.

Gon. Not so hot:

In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,

By me inuested, he compeeres the best.

70 *Alb.* That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Iesters do oft proue Prophets.

Gon. Hola, hola,

That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.

Rega. Lady I am not well, else I should answere
From a full flowing stomack. Generall,
Take thou my Souldiers, prifoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:
Witnesse the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord, and Master.

Gon. Meane you to enioy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

80 *Bast.* Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee

On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,
This guilded Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your lounes to me,
My Lady is bespoken.

[307b

Gon. An enterlude.

90 *Alb.* Thou art armed *Gloster*,

Let the Trmpet sound:

If none appeare to proue vpon thy person,
Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,
There is my pledge: Ile make it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sicke, O sicke.

Gon. If not, Ile nere trust medicine.

Bast. There's my exchange, what in the world hes
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,

V. iii.

Falle to thy Gods thy brother and thy Father,
 Confpicuate gainft this high illuftrious prince,
 And from the'xtreameft vpward of thy head,
 To the defcent and duft beneath thy feet,
 A moft toad-fpotted traytor fay thou no
 This fword, this arme, and my beft fpirits,
 140 As bent to proue vpon thy heart whereto I fpeake thou lieft, [7

Baft In wifdome I fhould afke thy name,
 But fince thy outfide lookes fo faire and warlike,
 And that thy being fome fay of breeding breathes,

By right of knighthood, I difdaine and fpurne
 Heere do I toffe thofe treafons to thy head.
 With the hell hatedly, oreturnd thy heart,
 Which for they yet glance by and fcarcely brufe,
 This fword of mine fhall giue them infant way
 150 Where they fhall reft for euer, trumpets fpeake.

Alb. Saue him, faue him,

Gon. This is meere practife *Glofter* by the law of armes
 Thou art not bound to anfwere an vnknowne oppofite,
 Thou art not vanquifht, but coufnd and beguild,

Alb. Stop your mouth dame, or with this paper fhall I ftople
 it, thou worfe then any thing, reade thine owne euill, nay no
 tearing Lady, I perceiue you know't.

(me for't.

Gon. Say if I do, the lawes are mine not thine, who fhall arraine

160 *Alb.* Moft monftrous know'ft thou this paper?

Gon. Afke me not what I know. *Exit Gonorill.*

Alb. Go after her, fhce's defperate, gouerne her.

Baft. What you haue chargd me with, that haue I don

And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
 Tis paff, and fo am I, but what art thou
 That haft this fortune on me? if thou bee'ft noble
 I do forgine thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity,

I am no leffe in bloud then thou art *Edmond*,
 If more, the more thou haft wrongd me.

My name is *Edgar*, and thy fathers fonne,

170 The Gods are iuft, and of our pleafant vertues.

iii.

Falſe to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father.
 Conſpirant 'gainſt this high illuſtrous Prince,
 And from th'extremeſt vpward of thy head,
 To the diſcent and duſt below thy foote,
 A moſt Toad-ſpotted Traitor. Say thou no,
 This Sword, this arme, and my beſt ſpirits are bent
 140 To proue vpon thy heart, whereto I ſpeake,
 Thou lyeſt.

[308a

Baſt. In wiſedome I ſhould aſke thy name,
 But ſince thy out-ſide lookes ſo faire and Warlike,
 And that thy tongue (ſome ſay) of breeding breathes,
 What ſafe, and nicely I might well delay,
 By rule of Knight-hood, I diſdaine and ſperne:
 Backe do I toſſe theſe Treafons to thy head,
 With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,
 Which for they yet glance by, and ſcarely bruiſe,
 This Sword of mine ſhall giue them inſtant way,
 0 Where they ſhall reſt for euer. Trumpets ſpeake.

Alb. Saue him, ſaue him.

Alarums. Fights.

Gon. This is practice *Gloſter*,

By th'law of Warre, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
 An vnknowne oppoſite: thou art not vanquiſh'd,
 But cozend, and beguild.

Alb. Shut your mouth Dame.

Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it: hold Sir,
 Thou worſe then any name, reade thine owne euill:
 No tearing Lady, I perceiue you know it.

Gon. Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine,

Who can araigne me for't?

Exit.

0 *Alb.* Moſt monſtrous! O, know'ſt thou this paper?

Baſt. Aſke me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, gouerne her.

Baſt. What you haue charg'd me with,

That haue I done,

And more, much more, the time will bring it out.

'Tis paſt, and ſo am I: But what art thou

That haſt this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,

I do forgiue thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity:

I am no leſſe in blood then thou art *Edmond*,

If more, the more th'haſt wrong'd me.

My name is *Edgar* and thy Fathers Sonne,

0 The Gods are iuſt, and of our pleaſant vices

V. iii.

Make instruments to scourge vs the darke and vitious
Place where thee he gotte, coft him his eies.

Bast. Thou haft spoken truth, the wheele is come
full circled I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophecie,
A royall nobleneffe I muft embrace thee.
Let forow split my heart if I did euer hate thee or thy father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't. [7

Alb. Where haue you hid your selfe?

180 *How haue you knowne the miferies of your father?*

Edg. By nurfing them my Lord,
Lift a briefe tale, and when tis told
O that my heart would burft the bloody proclamation
To escape that followed me fo neere,
O our liues sweetnes, that with the paine of death,
Would hourly die, rather then die at once.
Taught me to shift into a mad-mans rags
To affume a semblance that very dogges difdain'd
And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,
190 The precious ftones new loft became his guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, sau'd him from difpaire,
Neuer (O Father) reueald my selfe vnto him,
Vntill fome halfe houre pafte, when I was armed,
Not fure, though hoping of this good fucceffe,
I askt his blessing, and from firft to laft,
Told him my pilgrimage, but his flawd heart,
Alacke too weake, the conflict to fupport,
Twixt two extreames of paffion, ioy and griefe,
Burft fmillingly.

200 *Bast.* This fpeech of yours hath moued me,
And fhall perchance do good, but fpeake you on,
You looke as you had fomewhat more to fay,

Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almoft ready to diffolue, hearing of this,

[*Edg.* This would haue feemd a periode to fuch
As loue not forow, but another to amplifie too much,
Would make much more, and top extremitie
Whil't I was big in clamor, came there in a man,
Who hauing feene me in my worft eftate,
210 Shund my abhord fociety, but then finding

. iii.

Make instruments to plague vs:
The darke and vitious place where thee he got,
Coft him his eyes.

Bast. Th'haft spoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did propheffie
A Royall Nobleneffe: I muft embrace thee,
Let sorrow split my heart, if euer I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.

Alb. Where haue you hid your selfe?
180 How haue you knowne the miferies of your Father?

Edg. By nurfing them my Lord. Lift a breefe tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burft.
The bloody proclamation to efcape
That follow'd me fo neere, (O our liues sweetneffe,
That we the paine of death would hourelly dye,
Rather then die at once) taught me to fhift
Into a mad-mans rags, t'affume a femblance
That very Dogges difdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
190 Their precious Stones new loft: became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, fau'd him from difpaire.
Neuer (O fault) reueal'd my selfe vnto him,
Vntill fome halfe houre pafte when I was arm'd,
Not fure, though hoping of this good fucceffe,
I ask'd his bleffing, and from firft to laft
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to fupport)
Twixt two extremes of paffion, ioy and greefe,
Burft fmilingly.

Bast. This fpeech of yours hath mou'd me,
200 And fhall perchance do good, but fpeake you on,
You looke as you had fomething more to fay.

Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almoft ready to diffolue,
Hearing of this.

[308b

V. iii.

Who twas that so indur'd with his strong armes
 He fastened on my necke and bellowed out,
 As hee'd burft heauen, threw me on my father,
 Told the most pitious tale of *Lear* and him,
 That euer eare receiued, which in recounting
 His grieffe grew puiffant and the strings of life,
 Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets founded.
 And there I left him traunft.

[79

230 *Alb.* But who was this.
Ed. *Kent* fir, the banisht *Kent*, who in diguise,
 Followed his enemie king and did him seruice
 Improper for a flauie.

Enter one with a bloudie knife,

Gent. Helpe, helpe, (knife?)

Alb. What kind of helpe, what meanes that bloudy

Gent. Its hot it smokes, it came euen from the heart of-

Alb. Who man, speake?

Gent. Your Lady fir, your Lady, and her sifter
 By her is poyfoned, she hath confest it.

Bast. I was contracted to them both, all three
 Now marie in an instant.

230 *Alb.* Produce their bodies, be they aliue or dead,

This iustice of the heauens that makes vs tremble,
 Touches vs not with pity. *Edg.* Here comes *Kent* fir.

Alb. O tis he, the time will not allow *Enter Kent*
 The complement that very manners vrges.

Kent. I am come to bid my King and maister ay good night,

Is he not here?

Duke. Great thing of vs forgot,
 Speake *Edmund*, whers the king, and whers *Cordelia*
 Seest thou this obiect *Kent.* *The bodies of Gonorill and*

Kent. Alack why thus. *Regan are brought in.*

Bast. Yet *Edmund* was beloued,
 240 The one the other poyfoned for my sake,
 And after flue her selfe. *Duke.* Euen so, couer their faces.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe, helpe: O helpe.

Edg. What kinde of helpe?

Alb. Speake man.

Edg. What meanes this bloody Knife?

Gen. 'Tis hot, it smoakes, it came euen from the heart
of ——— O she's dead.

Alb. Who dead? Speake man.

Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sifter
By her is poyfon'd: she confesses it.

Bast. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an infant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

230 *Alb.* Produce the bodies, be they aliue or dead;
Gonerill and Regans bodiesbrought out.

This iudgement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble.

Touches vs not with pittie: O, is this he?

The time will not allow the complement

Which very manners vrges.

Kent. I am come

To bid my King and Mafter aye good night.

Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of vs forgot,
Speake *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?
Seeft thou this obiect *Kent*?

Kent. Alacke, why thus?

Bast. Yet *Edmund* was belou'd:

240 The one the other poifon'd for my fake,
And after flew herselfe.

Alb. Euen fo: couer their faces.

V. iii.

Bast. I pant for life, some good I meane to do,
 Despight of my owne nature, quickly fend,
 Be briefe, int toth' castle for my writ,
 Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia*,
 Nay fend in time. *Duke.* Runne, runne, O runne.

Edg. To who my Lord, who hath the office, fend
 Thy token of repressue.

260 *Bast.* Well thought on, take my sword the Captaine,
 Giue it the Captaine? *Duke.* Haft thee for thy life. [80

Bast. He hath Commiffion from thy wife and me,
 To hang *Cordelia* in the prifon, and to lay
 The blame vpon her owne despaire,
 That she fordid her selfe.

Duke. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle, O you are men of stones,
 Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vse them fo,
 That heauens vault should cracke, shees gone for euer,
 260 I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
 Shees dead as earth, lend me a looking glasse,
 If that her breath will mift or staine the stone,
 Why then she liues. *Kent.* Is this the promift end.

Edg. Or image of that horror. *Duke.* Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather stirs she liues, if it be fo,
 It is a chance which do's redeeme all forowes
 That euer I haue felt. *Kent.* A my good maister.

Lear. Prethe away? *Edg.* Tis noble *Kent* your friend.

Lear. A plague vpon your murderous traytors all,
 270 I might haue saued her, now shees gone for euer,
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little, ha,
 What if thou sayest, her voyce was euer soft,
 Gentle and low, an excellent thing in women,
 I kild the flauie that was a hanging thee.

Cap. Tis true my Lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not fellow? I haue seene the day,
 With my good biting Fauchon I would
 Haue made them skippe, I am old now,

iii.

Bast. I pant for life: some good I meane to do
Despight of mine owne Nature. Quickly fend,
(Be briefe in it) to'th' Castle, for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear*, and on *Cordelia*:
Nay, fend in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run.

Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office?
Send thy token of reprecue.

250 *Bast.* Well thought on, take my Sword,
Giue it the Captaine.

Edg. Haft thee for thy life.

Bast. He hath Commiffion from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the prifon, and
To lay the blame vpon her owne difpaire,
That fhe for-did her felfe.

Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence awhile.

Entor Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O your are men of ftones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd vfe them fo,
That Heauens vault fould crack: fhe's gone for euer.
260 I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glaffe,
If that her breath will mift or ftaine the ftone,
Why then fhe liues.

[309a

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror.

Alb. Fall and ceafe.

Lear. This feather ftirs, fhe liues: if it be fo,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all forrowes
That euer I haue felt.

Kent. O my good Mafter.

Lear. Prythee away.

Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,
270 I might haue fau'd her, now fhe's gone for euer:
Cordelia, Cordelia, ftay a little. Ha:
What is't thou faift? Her voice was euer foft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the Slaue that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.

Lear. Did I not fellow?

I haue feene the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would haue made him skip: I am old now,

V. iii.

And these same croffes spoyle me, who are you?
 Mine eyes are not othe best, ile tell you straight.

280 *Kent.* If Fortune bragd of two she loued or hated,
 One of them we behold. *Lear.* Are not you *Kent*?

Kent. The same your seruant *Kent*, where is your seruant *Caius*,

Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
 Heele strike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent. That from your life of difference and decay, [8]
 Haue followed your sad steps. *Lear.* You'r welcome hither.

290 *Kent.* Nor no man else, als chearles, darke and deadly,

Your eldest daughters haue foredoome themfelues,
 And desperatly are dead. *Lear.* So thinke I to.

Duke. He knowes not what he sees, and vaine it is,
 That we present vs to him. *Edg.* Very bootleffe. *Enter*
Capt. *Edmund* is dead my Lord. *Captaine.*

Duke. Thats but a trifle heere, you Lords and noble friends,
 Know our intent, what comfort to this decay may come, shall be
 applied: for vs we wil resigne during the life of this old maiesty,
 300 to him our absolute power, you to your rights with boote, and
 such addition as your honor haue more then merited, all friends
 shall taft the wages of their vertue, and al foes the cup of their de-
 seruings, O see, see.

Lear. And my poore foole is hangd, no, no life, why should a
 dog, a horse, a rat of life and thou no breath at all, O thou wilt
 come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer, pray you vndo this button,
 thanke you fir, O, o, o, o. *Edg.* He faints my Lord, my Lord.

r. iii.

And these same crosses spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o'th'best, Ile tell you straight.

280 *Kent.* If Fortune brag of two, she lou'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull fight, are you not *Kent*?

Kent. The same: your Seruant *Kent*,
Where is your Seruant *Caius*?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'll strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Haue follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. Your are welcome hither.

290 *Kent.* Nor no man else:
All's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest Daughters haue fore-done themselves,
And desperately are dead

Lear. I so I thinke.

Alb. He knowes not what he saies, and vaine is it
That we present vs to him.

[309b

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootlesse.

Mess. *Edmund* is dead my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle heere:

You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli'd. For vs we will refigne,
During the life of this old Maiefty

300 To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boote, and such addition as your Honours
Haue more then merited. All Friends shall
Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deseruings: O see, see.

Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life?
Why should a Dog, a Horfe, a Rat haue life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.

310 Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there.

He dis.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

V. iii.

Lear. Breake hart, I prethe breake. *Edgar.* Look vp my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghoft, O let him paffe,
He hates him that would vpon the wracke,
Of this tough world stretch him out longer.

Edg. O he is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured fo long,
He but vsurpt his life.

Duke. Beare them from hence, our present bufines
Is to generall woe, friends of my foule, you twaine
220 Rule in this kingdome, and the goard state sustaine.

Kent. I haue a iourney fir, fhortly to go,
My maifter calls, and I muft not fay no.

Duke. The waight of this sad time we muft obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to fay,
The oldeft haue borne moft, we that are yong,
Shall neuer see fo much, nor liue fo long.

F I N I S.

. iii.

Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke vp my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghoft, O let him paffe, he hates him,
That would vpon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gon indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd fo long,
He but vsurpt his life.

Alb. Beare them from hence, our present businesse
Is generall woe: Friends of my foule, you twaine,
320 Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd state sustaine.

Kent. I haue a iourney Sir, shortly to go,
My Mafter calls me, I muft not fay no.

Edg. The waight of this sad time we muft obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to fay:
The oldeft hath borne moft, we that are yong,
Shall neuer see fo much, nor liue fo long.

Exeunt with a dead March.

FINIS.

10/10/10

VARIOUS READINGS, NOTES, AND CORRECTIONS.

BM. = British Museum copy C. 39, i. 12 of F₁.

Hall. = Halliwell's Facsimile of F₁. — Booth = Booth's reprint.

(C.) = Q₁, sheet C., partly corrected in Mus. imp.; corrected in Cap. and Dev.

(D.) = Q₁, uncorrected sheet D. (Cap., Dev.).

(E.) = Q₁, uncorrected sheet E. (Bodl. 1).

(F.) = Q₁, uncorrected sheet F. (Dev.).

(G.) = Q₁, uncorrected sheet G. (Mus. imp., Bodl. 1).

(H.) = Q₁, uncorrected sheet H. (Cap., Dev., Mus. imp., Bodl. 1).

(K.) = Q₁, corrected sheet K. (Mus. imp.).

- I. i. 28. Two dots (.) after *friend* Q₁. — 39. *Kingdome*: F₁] *Kingdome* Hall. — 41. *yonger* F₁] *yenger* Hall.? — 88. *opilent* F₁] *opulent* F₂. — 92. *Lear*. Q₁] *or Lear*, ? — *again*. F₁] *again* Hall. — 112. *miseries* F₁] *mysteris* F₂. — 131. *pride*, F₁] *pride* Hall. — 134. *Maiefty*. F₁] *Maiefty* Hall. — 148. *man* Q₁] *mad* Q₂. — 157. *as pawne* F₁] *as a p.* F₂. — 173. *sentences* F₁] *sentence* F₂. — 175. *made* Q₁] *make* Q₂. — 183. *thus*] om. Q₂. — 186. *haft*] *hath* Q₂. — 192. *of*] *or* Q₂. — 217. *whom* F₁] *so also* F₂. — *your obiect* F₁] *y. best o.* F₂. — 237. The ' in *t'haue* misplaced after *hadst* in l. 236 F₁. — 269. *Burgüdy* Q₁] *or rather Burgüdy?* — 304. *starts*] *stars* Q₂.
- ii. 10. *Barstadie* F₁] *Bastardy* F₂. — 15. *a sleepe*] *fleepe* Q₂. — 32. *terribe* Q₁] *terrible* Q₂. — 37. *Ba.* Q₁] om. (C. Mus. imp.). — 71. *It is*] *Is it* Q₂. — 89. *should*] *shal* Q₂. — 124. *Villain* F₁] looks like *Villain*, Hall. — 139. *Starre, My* F₁] sic. — 143. *maidenlest*] Q₁Q₂F₁F₂ (*maidentiest* F₂). — 148. *fith* Q₁] *figh* Q₂. — 159. *amities* Q₁] *armies* Q₂. — 194. *Fdgar* Q₁] sic.
- iii. 7. *fromhunting* F₁] sic.
- iv. 1. *will* F₁] *well* F₂. — 4. *raz'd* Q₁] *raiz'd* Q₂. — 33. *canst doe* Q₁] *c. thou do* Q₂. — 54. *Daughters* F₁]F₂ *daughter* F₂. — 71. *wrong'd* Q₁] *is wrong'd* Q₂. — 101. *lubbers, length* Q₁] *lubbers length* (C. Cap., Dev.) Q₂. — 111. *on's* Q₁] *ones* Q₂. — 114. *on's*] *of his* Q₂. — 121. *coxcombs*] *coxcombe* Q₂F₂. — 151. *Doo'st know* Q₁] *D. thou k.* Q₂Q₁. — 164. *tha* Q₁] sic. — 168. *an't* Q₁] *on't* Q₂. — *Ladies* Q₁] *lodes* (D.) Q₂. — *the* Q₁] om. Q₂. — 175. *thy Crownes* F₁] *thy Crowne* F₂. — 177. *a'th* Q₁] *on thy* Q₂. — 196. *to lye*] *lye* (D.). — 197. *And*] *If* Q₂. — 211. *now thou*] *thou, thou* (D.) Q₂. —

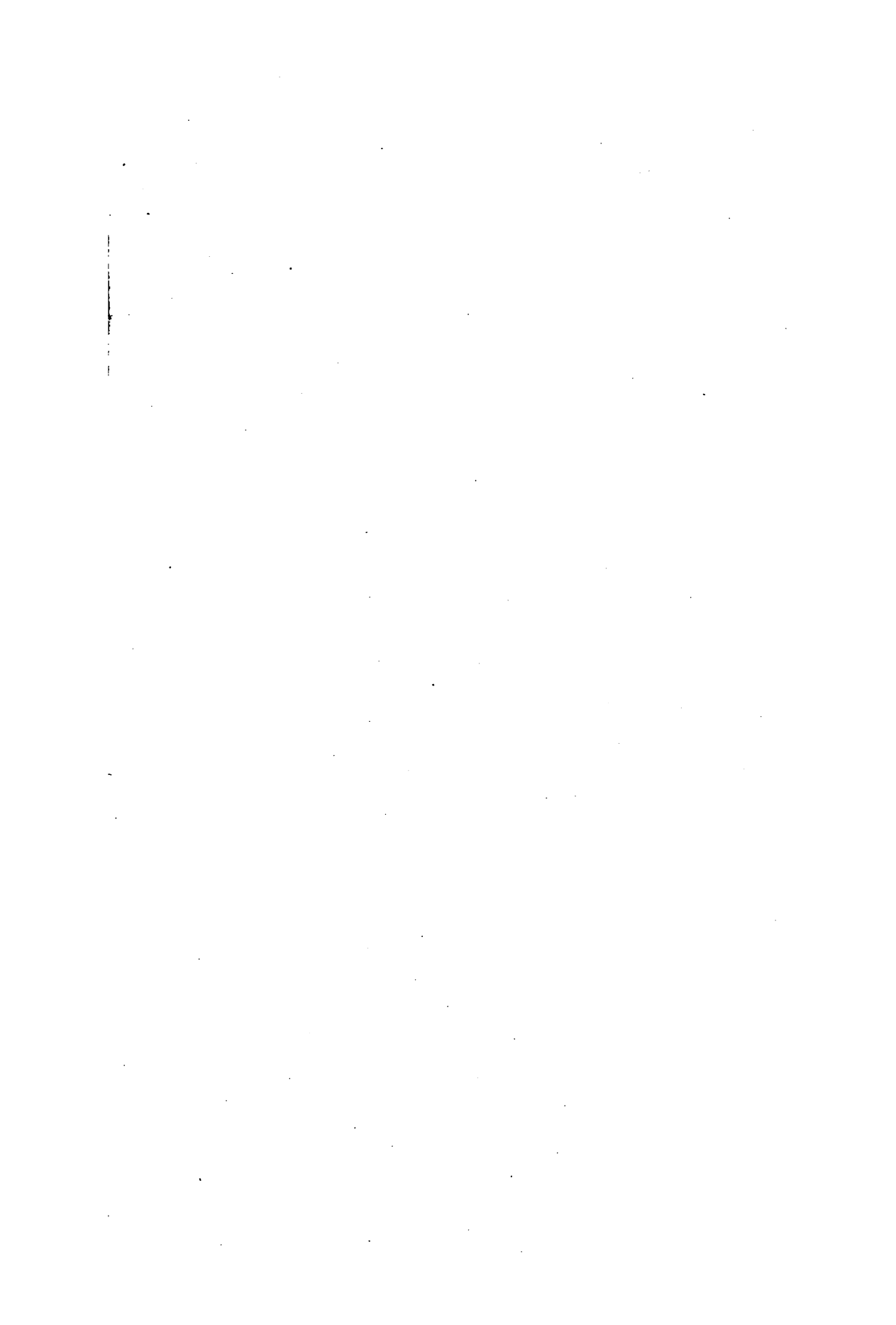
- I. iv. 220. *licenc'd* Q₁] *licenc'd* Q₂. — 261. *should*] *you should* Q₂. — 262. *a 100.*] *one hundred* Q₂. — 268. *instant* F₁] *sic instant* Booth. — 278. *that know* Q₁] *and k.* Q₂. — *Darkenes, and* Q₁] the comma doubtful (*Darknesse and* Q₂). — 279. *repent's* Q₁] *repent's vs* Q₂. — 284. *lift* Q₁] *lessen* Q₂. — 309. *that she may feele* repeated in Q₁. — 313. *more* F₁] om. F₂. — 322. *vtended*] *vtender* (D.) Q₂. — 328. *pierce*] *peruse* (D.) Q₂. — 368. *hasten*] *after* (D.) Q₂. — *milkie*] *mildie* (D.) Q₂. — 366. *Your* F₁] *You* F₂. — *attaskt for* Q₁] *alapt* (D.) Q₂.
- v. 8. *where* Q₁] *were* Q₂. — 19. *stande* Q₁] *stands* Q₂. — 38. *to his*] *unto his* Q₂.
- II. i. 2. *your Sir* F₁] *you Sir* F₂. — 10—12. om. Q₂. — 25. *spoken gain't*] *sp. against* Q₂. — 56. *quarrels, rights* Q₁] *quarrels right* Q₂. — 72. *no:* Q₁] the upper dot very faint (*no:* Q₂). — 102. *the wast and spoyle of his* Q₁] *these — and wast of this his* (D.) Q₂. — 122. *poysse* Q₁] *prise* (D.) *prize* Q₂. — 125. *diferences*] *defences* (D.) Q₂. — *lest* Q₁] *best* (D.) Q₂. — *though* F₁] *sic.* — 126. *home*] *hand* (D.) Q₂.
- ii. *aad* F₁] *sic.* — 1. *euen* Q₁] *deuen* (E.). — 17. *shewted* Q₁] *snyted* (E.). — *worsted-* Q₁] *wosted* (E.). — 84. *Reuenge* F₁] *Reneg* F₂. — 85. *gall, and varry* F₁] *gale, and vary* F₂. — 89. *and I* Q₁] *if I* Q₂. — 100. *That* Q₁] *Than* Q₂. — 106. *tak't* Q₁] *take it* Q₂. — 133. *miscreant* Q₁] *ausfrent* (E.). — *reuerent*] *vnreuerent* Q₂. — 145. *felfe*] om. Q₂. — 146. *speake* Q₁] *speakes* Q₂. — 150. *bafest and temnest* Q₁] *belest and contand* (E.). — 156. *Gentlemen* Q₁] *gentleman* Q₂. — 158. *good* Q₁] om. Q₂. — 159. *Duke* F₁] *Dukes* F₂. — 163. *ont* Q₁] *out* Q₂. — 172. *my wracke* Q₁] *my wrackles* (E.). — 174. *mo't*] *not* (E.). — 177. *ouerwatch* Q₁] *ouer-wacht* Q₂. — 178. *Take*] *Late* (E.). — 179. *shamefnll* F₁] *sic.*
- iii. 4. *vnusall* F₁] Q₂ F₂. — 15. *and*] om. (E.). — 16. *Pins*] *Pies* (E.). — 17. *from*] *frame* (E.). — 20. *Turlygod*] *Tuelygod* (E.).
- iv. 6. *ahy* F₁] *sic.* — 10. *man ouerlustie* F₁] *m. is o.* F₂. — *Then*] *hen* Q₂. — 31. *painting* F₁] *panting* F₂. — 60. *Wirh* F₁] *sic.* — 65. *And*] *If* Q₂. — 77. *hause* F₁] *sic.* — 81. *begin* Q₁] *begins* Q₂. — 90. *night,* Q₁] *hardly night; (night,* Q₂). — 102. *father*] *fate* (E.). — 103. *his*] *the* Q₂. — *commands*] *come and* (E.). — *her seruice* Q₁] *tends seruise* (E.). — 105. *Fierie* Q₁] *The fierie* (E.). — 106. *No*] *Mo* (E.). — 109. *Comand* Q₁] *Commands* Q₂. — 123. *Cokney* Q₁] *Coknay* (E.). — 124. *vm* Q₁] *them vp* Q₂. — *páft* Q₁] *past* (E.). — 133. *diuorse*] *deuofe* (E.). — *Mother* F₁] *Mothers* F₂. — *tombe*] *fruit* (E.). — 139. *depriued* Q₁] *deptoued* (E.). — *qualitie,* Q₁] or *qualitie.?* (comma in Q₂). — 150. *his* F₁] *her* F₂. — 162. *blacke*] *backe* Q₂. — *strooke*] *stroke* Q₂. — 167. *Lear.*] om. Q₁.

- II. iv. — 202. *fir*] om. Q_s. — 217. *bag* Q₁] *beg* Q_s. — 229. *call it*] *callit* (F.). — 231. *tailes* Q₁] *tales* Q_s. — 236. *fir*] om. Q_s. — 270. *life as* Q₁] *life's as* Q_s. — 288. *a 100.*] *a* Q_s. — 289. *Or ere*] *Ere* Q_s. — *Leifster* Q₁] *Glocester* Q_s. — 291. *an'ds* F₁] sic. — 296. *puspos'd* Q₁] *purpos'd* Q_s. — 312. *Exeūt.* Q₁] or *Exeūt.*?
- III. i. 27. *hath* F₁] *have* F_s. — 32. *feet* Q₁] *fee* Q_s. — 34. *banner,* Q₁] or *banner.*? (comma in Q_s). — 47. *feare*] *doubt* Q_s. — 53. *King,* Q₁] or *King.*? (comma in Q_s).
- ii. 2. *caterickes* Q₁] *carterickes* Q_s. — *Hircanios* Q₁] *Hercantos* Q_s. — 35. *but*] *hut* (F.). — 37. *En.ter* Q₁] sic. — 50. *Powther* Q₁] *Thundring* Q_s.
- iii. 3. *tooke me from* Q₁] *tooke from* Q_s. — 23. *instāly* Q₁] sic. — 24. *me*] *to me* Q_s.
- iv. 4. *heart* & Q₁] sic. — 6. *tempestious* Q₁] *crulentious* (G.) Q_s. — 7. *skinfo* F₁] sic. — 10. *they* F₁] *thy* F_s. — *roring*] *raging* (G.) Q_s. — 12. *this* Q₁] *the* Q_s. — 14. *beates*] *beares* (G.) Q_s. — 23. *one* Q₁] *ovne* Q_s. — 35. *shake* Q₁] or *fhake*. — 47. *thorough* Q₁] *through* Q_s. — 53. *whirlie-poolle* Q₁] Q_s. — 82. *Edg.* Q₁] or *Fdg.*? — *foole* F₁] Hall. *foule* BM. Booth. — 96. *greedines,* Q₁] sic. — 98. *ruflngs* Q₁] sic. — 102. Read — *through the hathorne* Q₁(Q_s). — 104. *caefe* Q₁] *caefe* Q_s. — 110. *so phiflicated* Q₁] sic. — 113. *lendings*] *leadings* (G.) Q_s. — 114. *on* Q₁] *on be true* (G.) Q_s. — 120. *stiberdegibek* Q₁] *Sriberdegibit* (G.) *Sirberdegibit* Q_s. — 122. *giues*] *gins* (G.) Q_s. — & *the pin,* *squmes the* Q₁] *the pin-queues* (G.) *the pinqueuer* Q_s. — 123. *hare* Q₁] *harte* (G.) *hart* Q_s. — 126. *he met the night mare*] *a nellthu night more* (G.) *anelthu night Moore* Q_s. — 129. *witch*] *with* (G.) Q_s. — 135. *tod pole, the wall-newt*] *tode (toade* Q_s) *pold, the wall-wort* (G.) Q_s. — 136. *furie*] *fruite* Q_s. — 137. *rages*] The second half of the line left blank, | *Eates* Q_s. — 149. *caled* Q₁] sic. — 174. *true*] *truth* Q_s. — 175. *hath*] *has* Q_s. — 179. *in't* Q₁] *into th'* Q_s.
- vi. 10. *whethes* Q₁] sic. — 17. *hiszing* Q₁] sic. — 24. *no* Q₁] *now* Q_s. — 26. *wanft* Q₁] *wantft* Q_s. — *tral* Q₁] *triall* Q_s. — 43. *shheheard,* *Thy* Q₁] or full stop? (*shheheard,* *Thy* Q_s). — 50. *kickt* Q₁] *she k.* Q_s. — 54. *ioyne* Q₁] *ioynt* Q_s. — 85. *garments*] *garment;* Q_s. — *say,* Q₁] or full stop? (*say* Q_s). — 100. *master,* Q₁] *the* , below the line. — 102. *the King* Q₁] *to keepe* (G.) Q_s.
- vii. 2. *him* F₁] Hall. *hin* BM. Booth. — 6. *Corn.* Q₁] the *n* rather like a broken *d*. — 10. *festiuat* F₁] *festinate* F_s. — 22. *farewell: go* Q₁] no trace of the upper dot (colon in Q_s). — 44. *tratours* Q₁] *traitors* Q_s. — 46. *you haue*] *haue you* Q_s. — 49. *falfe,* Q₁] or *falfe.*? — 58. *annoynted*] *aurynted* (H.) Q_s. — 59. *on his lowd* Q₁] *of his low'd* (H.) Q_s. — 60. *bod* Q₁] *layd* (H.) *laid* Q_s. — 61. *stelled*]

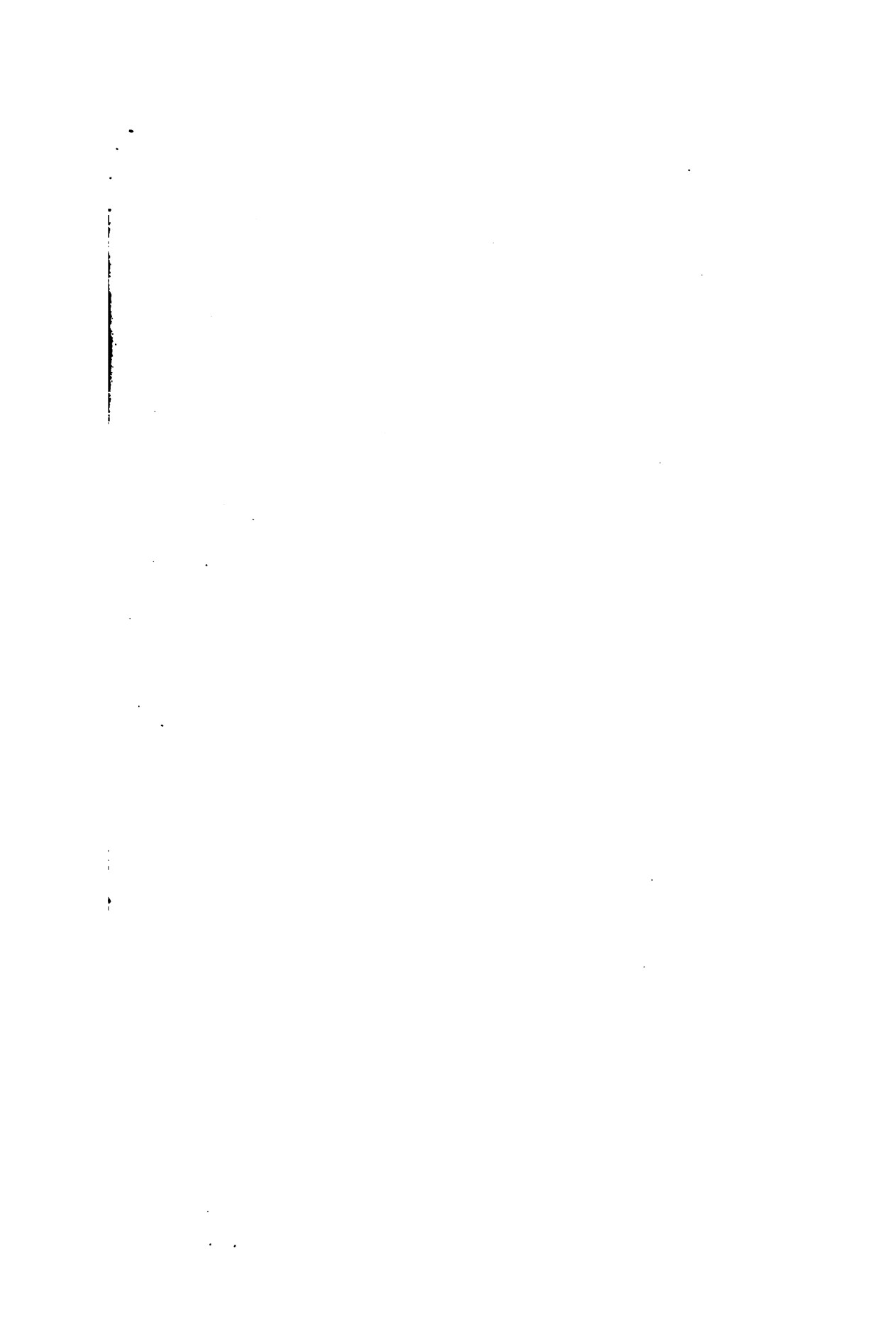
- III. vii. *steeled* (H.) Q₂. — 73. *you*] om. Q₁. — 77. *Pld* F₁] *Ild* Hall. — 85. *Edmund?* Q₁] rather *Edmund!*. — 86. *Edmuud* Q₁] sic. — 97. *dungell* Q₁] *dunghill* Q₂. — 104. *his* Q₁] *his rogiſh* (H.) Q₂.
- IV. i. 10. *parti, eyd* Q₁] *poortie, leed* (H.) *poorely led* Q₂. — 40. *play Foole* to F₁ (*play to foole* F₂). — 45. *toward*] to Q₂. — 47. *Old* F₁] BM. Hall. *Od. Booth*. — 59. *scarr'd* F₁] F₂ *scar'd* F₂. — 72. *does*] *doth* Q₂. — 81. *I ſhal*] *ſhall I* Q₂.
- ii. 12. *terror* Q₁] *curre* (H.) Q₂. — 15. *Edgar* Q₁] *Edmund* Q₂. — 21. *command*] *coward* (H.) Q₂. — *this, ſpare* Q₁] *this ſpare* (H.) Q₂. — 24. *far you well* Q₁] *faryewell* Q₂. — 25. *Yours, F₁*] *Yours* Hall. — 27. *a womans*] *womans* (H.) Q₂. — 28. *A foole* Q₁] *My foote* (H.) Q₂. — *bed* Q₁] *body* (H.) *head* Q₂. — *Madam, Q₁*] *the*, indistinct. — 29. *whiſtling* Q₁] *whiſtle* Q₂. — 30. *rude*] om. Q₂. — 32. *iſh* Q₁] *it* (H.) Q₂. — 42. *euen*] om. Q₂. — 45. *benefited* Q₁] *beneflicted* (H.) Q₂. — 47. *this vild* Q₁] *the vilde* (H.) Q₂. — 49. *Humanity* Q₁] *Humanly* (H.) Q₂. — 53. *know'ſt, fools do* Q₁] *know'ſt fools, do* (H.) Q₂. — 54. *thoſe* Q₁] *theſe* Q₂. — 56. *noyſeles* Q₁] *noyſtles* (H.). — 57. *ſtate begins thereat* Q₁] *ſlayer (ſlaiser* Q₂) *begins threats* (H.) Q₂. — 58. *Whil'ſt* Q₁] *Whil's* (H.) *Whiles* Q₂. — 60. *ſhewes* Q₁] *ſeemes* Q₂. — 68. *mew* — Q₁] *now* — (H.) Q₂. — 74. *Oppos'd'againſt* Q₁] sic. — 75. *threat-enrag'd* F₁] sic. — 79. *you Juſticers* Q₁] *your Juſtices* (H.) Q₂.
- iii. 2. *no* Q₁] *the* Q₂. — 16. *ouer* Q₁] *ore* Q₂. — 31. *beleeft* Q₁] *beleew'd* Q₂. — 36. *make* Q₁] *mate* (H.) Q₂.
- iv. 8. *wiſdome*] *w. do* Q₂. — 27. *in fight* Q₁] *inſite* Q₂.
- v. 1. *ſet* F₁] or *ſet?* — 3. *ſiſter* is] *ſiſters* Q₂. — 6. *letters* Q₁] *letter* Q₂. — 8. *on*] *on a* Q₂. — 14. *at'h* Q₁] *of the* Q₂. — 39. *him* om. F₁] sic.
- vi. 17. *beach*] *beake* Q₂. — 19. *a boui* Q₁] *above* Q₂. — 21. *pebble chaffes* Q₁] *pebbles chafe* Q₂. — 22. *its* Q₁] *it is* Q₂. — 34. *is*] *tis* Q₂. — 39. *ſnurff* Q₁] *ſnuffe* Q₂. — 42. *my* Q₁] *may* Q₂. — 45. *had thought*] *thought had* Q₂. — 56. *no l* Q₁] sic. — 57. *Somnet* F₁] *ſummet* F₂. — 63. *Tyranns* F₁] sic. — 68. *bagger* Q₁] *begger* Q₂. — 69. *me thoughts* Q₁] *methought* Q₂. — 77. A trace of a comma after *enough* Q₁? (comma in Q₂). — 78. *would it* Q₁] *would he* Q₂. — 100. *euery thing*] *all* Q₂. — 109. *euer* Q₁] *euery* Q₂. — 119. *lacke*] *want* Q₂. — 126. *waſt* Q₁] *waste* Q₂. — 131. *ſcalding, F₁*] *Booth ſcalding*. BM. *ſcalding* Hall. — 142. *oft* Q₁] *on't* Q₂. — 149. *nor no*] *no* Q₂. — 163. *ſo bade* Q₁] *ſo bad* Q₂. — 168. *tattered* Q₁] *tattered* Q₂. — 190. *ſonne in lawes*] *ſonnes in law* Q₂. — 192. *ſirs, your moſt deere* Q₁] *ſirs*. Q₂. — 196. *ranſome*] *a r.* Q₂. — *churgion* Q₁] *Chirurgeon* Q₂. — 197. *Gent.* Q₁] or *Gent?* — 201. *dust.* Q₁] *dust.* | *Gent. Good Sir.* Q₂. — 206. *and*] *if* Q₂. — 214. *one here's*

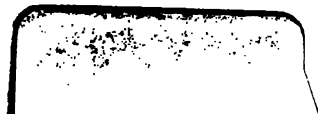
- V. vi. *that*] *ones heares* Q₂. — 218. *Standft* Q₁] *Stands* Q₂. — 220. *Hir* Q₁] *His* Q₂. — 229. *bornet and beniz* Q₁] *bounty and the benison* (K.) Q₂. — 230. *to saue thee* Q₁] *to boot, to boot* (K.) Q₂. — 231. *was* Q₁] *was first* (K.) Q₂. — 236. *durst* Q₁] *darst* Q₂. — 245. *fort-night* Q₁] *vortnight* (K.) Q₂. — 247. *cofter* Q₁] *cofterd* (K.) Q₂. — *battero* Q₁] *bat* (K.) Q₂. — *ile* Q₁] *chill* Q₂. — 255. *out vpon* Q₁] *out, vpon* (K.) Q₂. — 256. *Britifh* Q₁] *Britifh* (K.) Q₂. — 260. *you lets* Q₁] *you, lets* (K.) Q₂. — 261. *of may* Q₁] *of, may* (K.). — *forrow* Q₁] *forry* Q₂. — 266. *lawfull.*] *lawfull.* | *A Lctter.* (K.) Q₂. — 275. *your affectionate* Q₁] *& y. a.* Q₂. — *for you her owne for Venter,* Q₁] om. Q₂. — 278. *Indiftinguifht* Q₁] *vnd.* Q₂. — *indiftinguifh'd* F₁] F₂ F₂ (*indiftinguifh'd* F₄). — 280. *heere,* F₁] *heere* Hall. — *in rhe* F₁] sic. — 285. *thy*] *his* Q₂.
- vii. 12. *beet fo, my good*] *be it fo: my* Q₂. — 18. *that*] om. Q₂. — 23. *Gent.* Q₁] *Kent.* Q₂. — 24. *doubt of* F₁] F₂ (*d. not of* F₂). — 26. *restauration* F₁] *restauration* F₂. — 29. *Klnd* Q₁] sic. — 48. *scal'd* F₁] *scal'd* F₂. — *know me.* Q₁] *know ye me?* Q₂. — 49. *where*] *when* Q₂. — 59. *mocke* Q₁] *m. me* Q₂. — 63. *in my perfect*] *p. in my* Q₂. — 68. *not*] *no* Q₂. — 82. *further* Q₁] or *further*?
- V. i. 3. *abdication* Q₁] *alteration* (K.) Q₂. — 5. *mifcaried.* Q₁] full stop rather than comma. — 6. *Madam,* Q₁] rather comma than full stop. — 8. *but*] om. Q₂. — 19. *nd* Q₁] *and* (K.) Q₂. — 20. *Our* Q₁] *Our* (K.) Q₂. — 25. *touches* Q₁] *toucheth* Q₂. — 30. *dore* Q₁] *doore* Q₂. — *particurlar* F₁] *particular* F₂. — 38. *Edg.* Q₁] the . very faint. — *man*] *one* Q₂. — 48. *cry,* Q₁] the , very faint. — 50. *ore-looke*] *looke ore* Q₂. — 52. *queffe* Q₁] *guesse* Q₂. — 55. *fifter* Q₁] *fifters* Q₂. — 63. *countenadce* Q₁] sic. — 66. *entends* Q₁] *extends* Q₂.
- iii. 12. *and fing*] om. Q₁. — 25. *frist, come.*] *frist. Exit.* Q₂. — 28. *And* (also catch-word) Q₁] *One* (K., also catch-word) Q₂. — 35. *don,* Q₁] or *don.?* (*done,* Q₂). — 40. *shewed*] *shewne* Q₂. — *straine,* (the comma above the line) F₁] *straine* Hall. — 46. *faue* Q₁] *fend* (K.) Q₂. — 47. *retention,*] *r. and appointed guard* | (K.) Q₂. — 48. *more* Q₁] *more,* (K.) Q₂. — 49. *coren boffom* Q₁] *common boffome* (K.) *common blossomes* Q₂. — 53. *at further*] *at a f.* Q₂. — 55. *mee* Q₁] *we* Q₂. — 57. *sharpes* Q₁] *sharpnes* (K.) Q₂. — 85. *wife,* Q₁] or *wife.?* (comma in Q₂). — 86. *this*] *her* Q₂. — 90. *Trmpet* F₁] *Trumpet* F₂. — 98. *hes* F₁] *he is* F₂. — 107. *Trumper* F₁] *Trumpet* F₂. — 109. *Tumpet* F₁] *Trumpet* F₂. — 117. *a* Q₁] *with a* Q₂. — 123. *yet are I mou't* Q₁] om. Q₂. — 131. *Maugre* Q₁] *Maugre* Q₂. — 134. *thy Gods*] *the gods* Q₂. — 135. *illustrious* F₁] *illustrious* F₂. — 135-6. *Confpicuate gainft* Q₁] too much space, just above the ' of *the'xtremest* (*th'xtremest* Q₂). — 139. *As bent* Q₁] *Is b.* Q₂. — 141. *sholud* Q₁] *should* Q₂. —

- V. iii. 146. om. Q_s. — 148. *scarely* F₁] *scarcely* F_s. — 152. *answere*] *offer* Q_s. — 155. *stople* Q₁] *stop* Q_s. — 159. *Moſt monſtrous*] *Monſter* Q_s. — 170. *vertues* Q₁] Q_s. — 172. *thee he*] *he thee* Q_s. — *got*, F₁] the, indistinct Hall. — 199. *ſmillingly* Q₁] *ſmilingly* Q_s. — 202. *be more, more*] *any more more* Q_s. — 204. *hearing of this*] om. Q_s. — 214. *Told the moſt* Q₁] *And told the* Q_s. — 215. *eare* Q₁] looks rather like *earc*. — 219. *diguife* Q₁] *diſguiſe* Q_s. — 227. *hath* Q₁] *has* Q_s. — 230. *bodiesbrought* (*brought?*) F₁] *bodies brought* F_s. — 232. *vs not*] *not* Q_s. — 234. *Duke*. Q₁] *Alb.* Q_s. — *thing*] *things* Q_s. — 243. *Ipant* F₁] *I pant* F_s. — 245. *int toth'* Q₁] *into the* Q_s. — *to'th'* F₁] no trace of second apostrophe in Hall. — 246. *Is*] *tis* Q_s. — 250. *the Captaine* Q₁] *giue it the Captaine*. Q_s. — 251. *Giue it the C.*] om. Q₁. — 255. om. Q_s. — 256. *Duke*. Q₁] *Alb.* Q_s. — *Entor* F₁] sic. — 257. *your are* F₁] F_s (*you are* F_s). — 259. *ſhees*] *O, ſhe is* Q_s. — 262. *or*] *and* Q_s. — 263. *Why then ſhe*] *ſhe then* Q_s. — 266. *which*] *that* Q_s. — 269. *your* Q₁] *you* Q_s. — 271. *ha*] om. Q_s. — 276. *haue*] *ha* Q_s. — 277. *With my good*] *that with my* Q_s. — 279. *not*] *none* Q_s. — 289. *Your* F₁] *You* F_s. — 291. *foredoome* Q₁] *foredoom'd* Q_s. — 292. *thinke I* Q₁] *I thinke* Q_s. — 301. *honor* Q₁] *honors* Q_s. — 306. *of* Q₁] *haue* Q_s. — 309. *pray you*] *pray* Q_s. — *O, o, o, o, o.* Q₁] *O, o, o, o, o.* Q_s. — 311. *dis* F₁] BM. Hall. *dies* Booth. — 313. *hates him*] *h. him much* Q_s. — 220. *goard*] *good* Q_s.









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